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Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 145.—Vol. XI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, September 12, 1906 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Willoughby*

The Marquis of Abergavenny, who celebrates his eightieth birthday on September 16

The Marquis of Abergavenny, in his earlier days, was one of the great supporters of the Conservative Party. To him is owed the Primrose League and the Constitutional Club. He is a great sportsman, and in former years was one of the best-known figures at all important race meetings

No. 145.—Vol. XI.

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Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
September 12, 1906

After Saturday's tiring race, the Harvard crew are, appropriately enough, staying with the American Ambassador at Wrest Park (in Beds.).

* * *

"Even now," writes Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Stillings, in defence of the new "speling," "people write 'program' without the 'me.'" But a programme of Mr. Roosevelt's without the "ME" in it has surely not yet been given to the world.

* * *

The Paris express, last Friday, dashed into buffers at Dieppe station. Not knowing their names, however, we must, in this case, rest content with a mere general expression of sympathy.

* * *

Miss Camille Clifford declares that she is leaving the stage, but her *fiancé* denies it. We should not know what to believe were it not for the fact that Miss Clifford is taking singing lessons. In face of this overwhelming circumstantial evidence, we are forced to believe Miss Clifford.

* * *

A purple-faced dipsomaniac, the pupils of whose eyes have been distended for thirty-three years, was caught splashing his face with whisky last Thursday night. He explained that what with the milk famine and the ruined hop-crop, one must get accustomed to something.

* * *

The play which Mr. Haldane saw at the gala night of the Berlin opera was one which "deifies the superlative qualities of the Hohenzollerns," and (according to the *Mail*), "his face frequently lit up with smiles during the performance." Seeing that the War Minister had been treated with great kindness by the Kaiser, this seems to have been a little rude of him.

* * *

The Indian authorities, as a matter of fact, rather like the first name of Mr. Banerjee, the newly crowned "sovereign" of Bengal — "Surendra." They are going to see that he lives up to it.

* * *

The price of cheese, just now, it seems, is very high. But it is only reasonable that the price of cheese, like that of every article, should be reflective of its condition.

* * *

The article in *Electrical Industries*, entitled "The Wiring Bill," deals with the cost to householders of electric-light fittings, and not, as might be supposed, with the Kaiser.

* * *

The only detail of the jealously guarded secrets of the new Drury Lane drama that has not yet reached the Press, is one connected with the domestic habits of the third assistant stage-carpenter. But a photograph of his silhouette in the *Mirror*, and a list of the commandments he has broken in the *Mail*, may be expected at any moment.

* * *

Mr. Clement Shorter says that some of the most brilliantly successful men he has known have done their most important work lying in bed. And out of it, too, we dare say.

* * *

"Should Women be Barmaids?" asks a new contemporary, *Topics*. But it would be rather difficult for men to be, would it not?

* * *

Their Rival Dictionaries

SHADE OF DR. J. to MR. ROOSEVELT: "Sir, you are a ruler of courage and resource, but your present venture threatens to bring about the debasement of the English language. Drop it"

(Drawn by Lloyd-Roberts)

Ode to a Mosquito

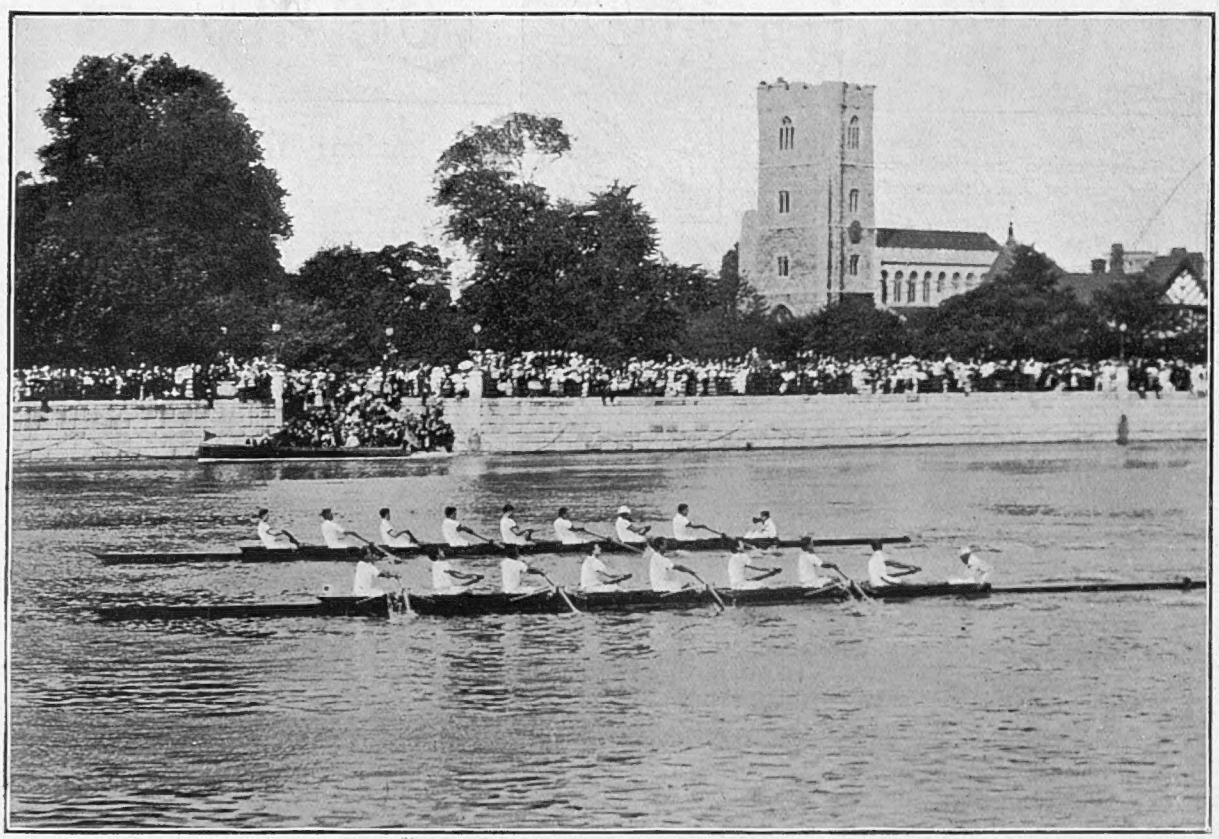
Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Shrewd thou ever wert,
Driving mad, or near it,
Those you deftly hurt,
Practising your deadly and deliberate art.

"Wert" (I know it well) is
Not a rhyme to art!
But the crime is Shelley's
Very own, like "heart."
Dash it all, you've stung me in another part!

What thou art we know not,
What is most like thee?
Conscience-pricks, which show not?
"Painless" dentistry?
Through the night there sounds thy maddening melody.

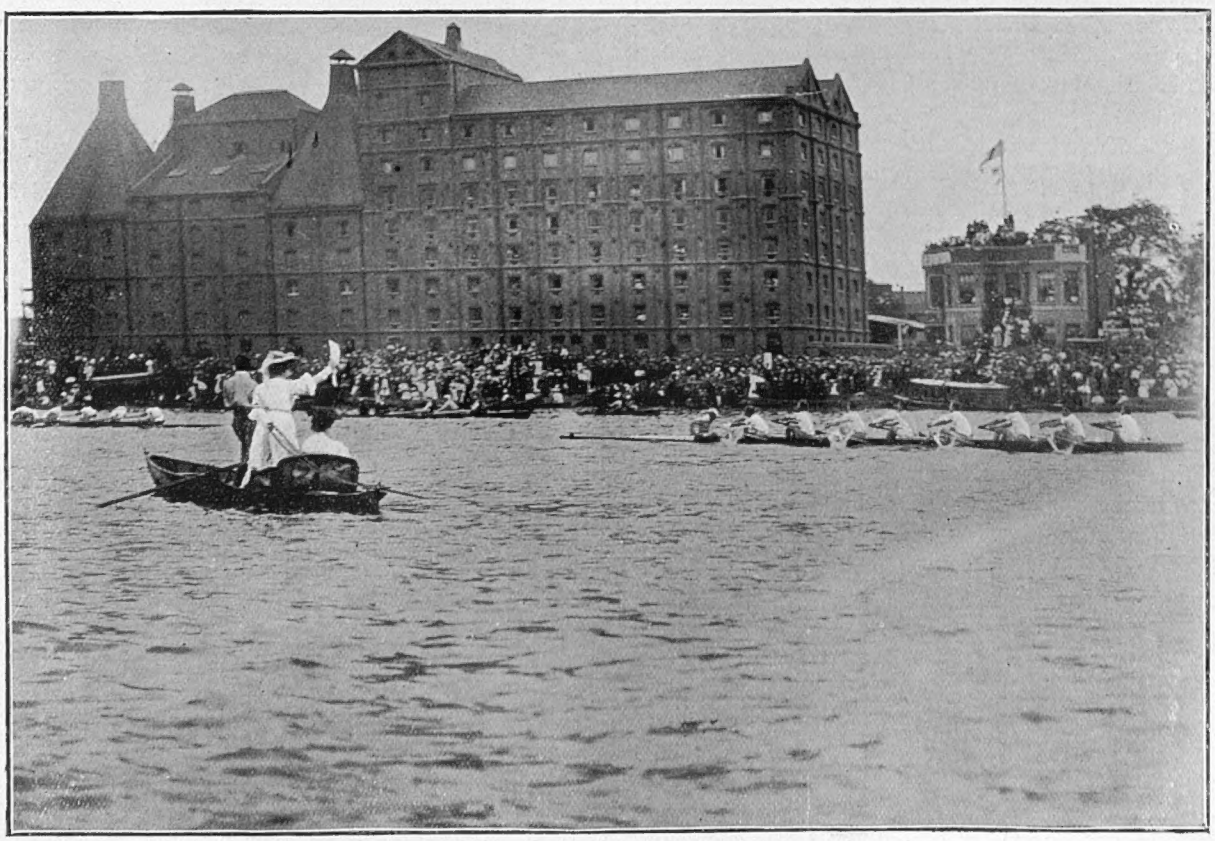
Nigher still and nigher
Unto me thou wingest,
Till a spear of fire
At my nose thou flingest.
And, stinging, still dost soar, and soaring, ever stingest!

The Boat Race: At Putney—and Mortlake



At Putney: Cambridge and Harvard starting level

The 5 sec. following the start were tensely exciting, as Harvard seemed to be getting ahead, to the frantic enthusiasm of the Americans ashore. Their slight lead of a yard, however, was soon filched from them, for in a hundred yards Cambridge's nose was in front of Harvard, and her lead then began to increase inch by inch until, at Hammersmith, it grew to three lengths

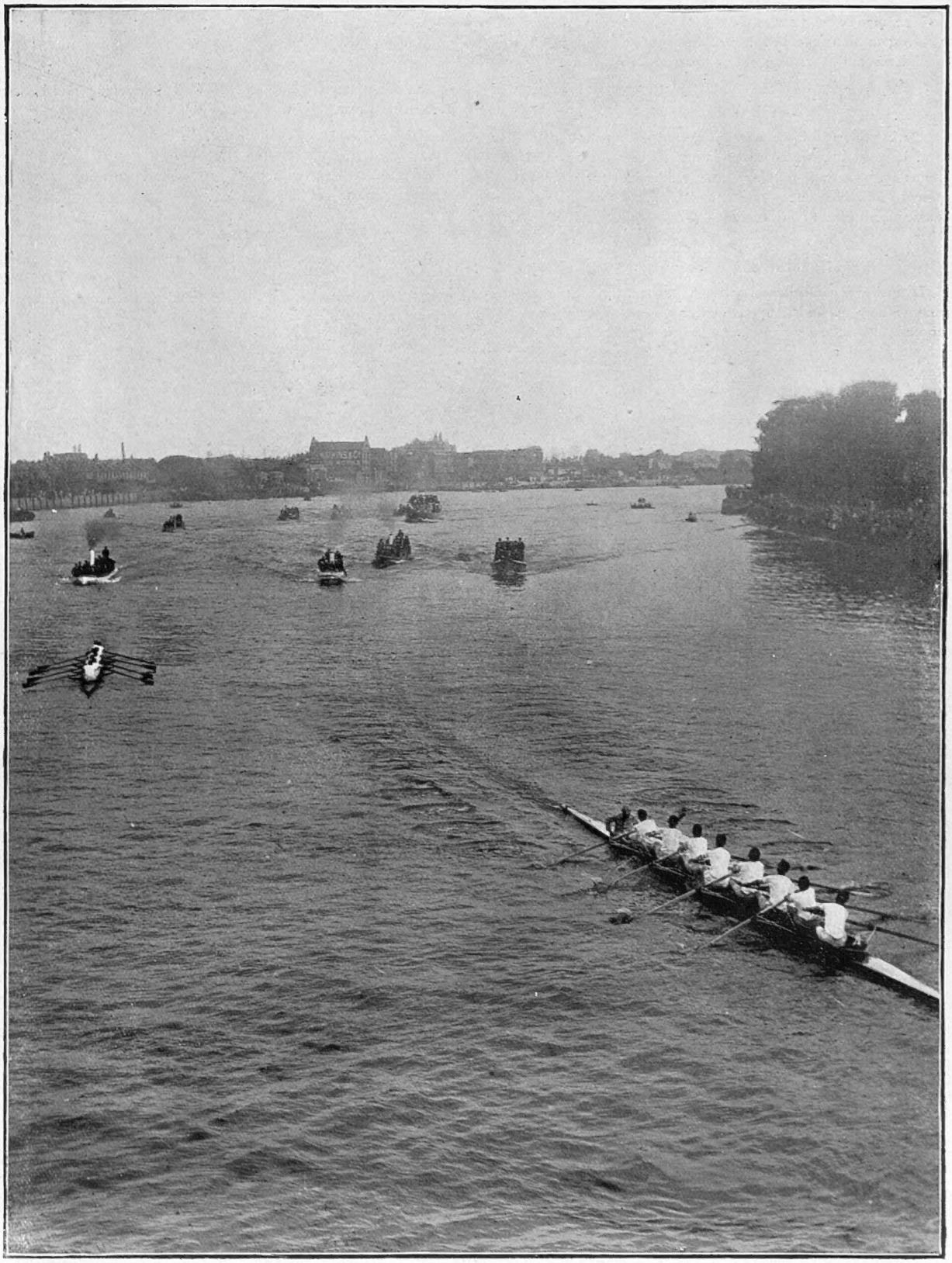


At Mortlake: Cambridge wins by two lengths

Harvard rallied a little just before Barnes Bridge, and, foot by foot, crept up towards Cambridge lessening her lead by a length. They got no nearer, however, for the Light Blues kept that distance ahead until the finish. But this, it is said, was due to Cambridge's kindness of heart in intentionally "slacking off" to save the honour of their opponents

The Race at Hammersmith

CAMBRIDGE AT THE SCENE OF HER LONGEST LEAD



Cantabs leading by three lengths prior to winning by two

The International boat race between Cambridge and Harvard on Saturday excited infinitely more interest than the usual March affair, and the various stages of the exciting race were watched and criticised with intense keenness by a crowd of half a million people. At Hammersmith, Cambridge had a long lead, but before Barnes Bridge, the Americans crept up a length, and lessened their opponents' victory by that distance

"Aut Scissors, Aut Nullus"

The Easiest Thing

It is as easy to write blank verse of a kind as it is to be virtuous on a desert island.—E. F. S. in the *Westminster Gazette.*

* * *

A Warning

The man who marries for social advancement delivers his self-respect into the keeping of his wife's family and friends, and deserves the consequences.—*Vanity Fair.*

* * *

Talk and Twaddle

During the season we merely gabble and shout at each other, and have no time to express views or to be what is considered amusing. In these holiday days there is less to do, and more time to frame sentences, and thus one gets at some idea of what passes for brilliant conversation.—*The World.*

* * *

A Defence of the Roosevelt "Speling"

If spelling could be simplified, two-thirds of the mental energy now expended upon learning how to spell could be turned into other channels. It is no wonder English people scarcely ever learn foreign languages. They are exhausted by the effort of acquiring their own.—*Daily Mirror.*

* * *

The Age of Heroines

The age of the heroine has been steadily going up. There was a time when the young girl of seventeen or twenty was the only possible heroine of a romance. Now she may figure in a story, but it will be more as a side character than as the "leading lady."—*The Book Monthly.*

A Jew on Jews

Instead of the Jew being a natural barterer, he is the most spiritual man alive. He has been pounded through the ages, robbed, and massacred, but he yields neither his traditions nor his ideals. Had he been materialistic, he would have sold out long ago and bought peace.—Oscar S. Straus in the *New York Tribune.*

* * *

A Definition

Socialism means top prices for Road-sweeping and bottom prices for Brains.—*The Referee.*

* * *

Belles in Demand

Pleasure resorts, without great natural beauties, must be smart or perish.—*P. T. O.*

* * *

The Tea Face

The Society woman who spends every afternoon on a series of visits to her friends is bound to develop the "tea face." It cannot be mistaken, for it has a rapidly strenuous expression unlike anything else.—*Health.*

* * *

Le Sport

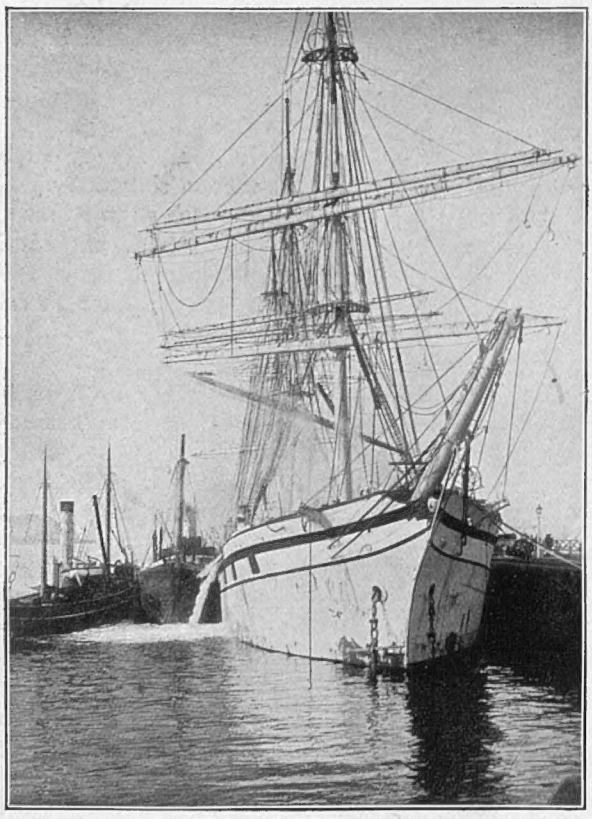
Retour de la chasse.
—Qu'avez-vous tué?
—Le temps... —*Le Petit Bleu.*

* * *

No Longer an Island

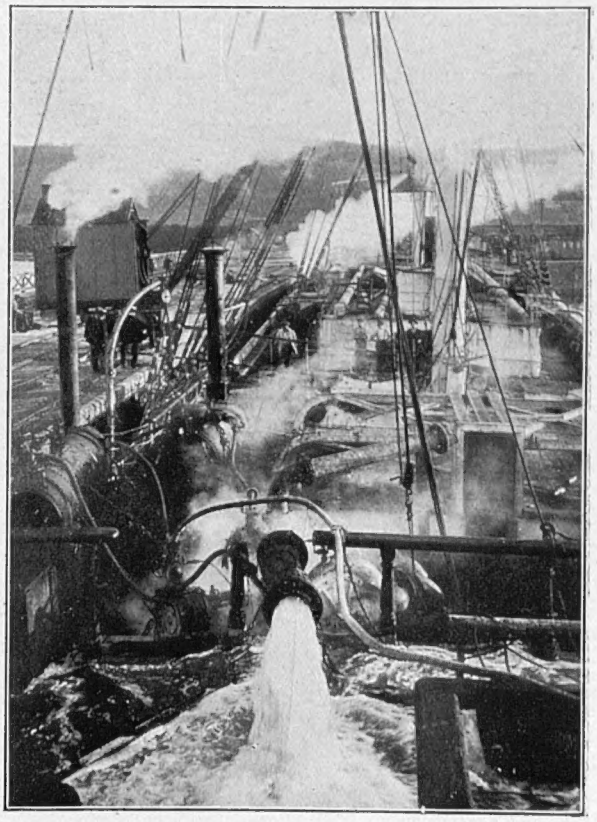
The English Channel has ceased to exist; the change is equivalent to a conquest—the conquest of the national prejudices. —*Truth.*

SALVING THE S.S. "SOCOA"



Photos

Water, pumped by the Salvage Company's vessels alongside, streaming from the hold

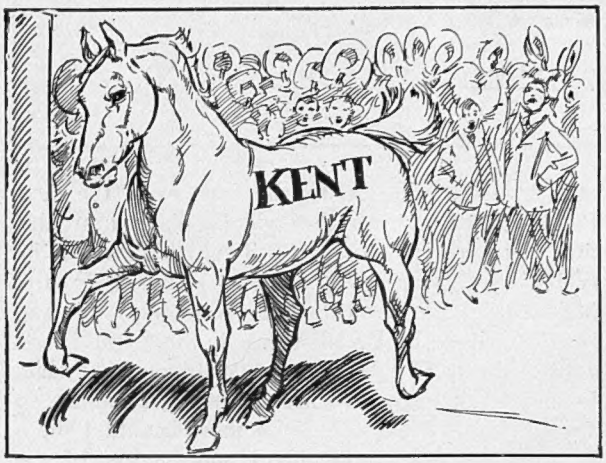


Cleaves

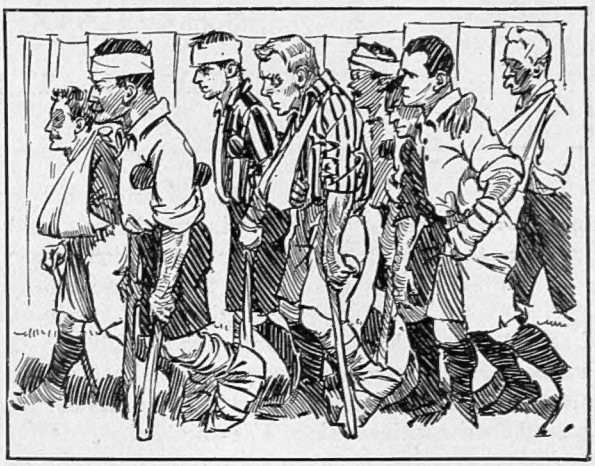
The scene on deck during the pumping operations

One of the greatest triumphs of modern salvage was that of the French ship *Socoa*, which was, a month or so ago, wrecked on the rocks off the Lizard with a cargo of cement destined for the rebuilding of San Francisco. Only by ceaseless pumping of the water from her hold at the rate of 700 tons per hour was she kept afloat, and an idea of the striking scene on deck during the tremendous task may be gained by a glance at the second of the above photographs

The Topictator



The Cricket Championship
The White Horse wins!
[*Illustrations of this subject must now cease.*—ED.]

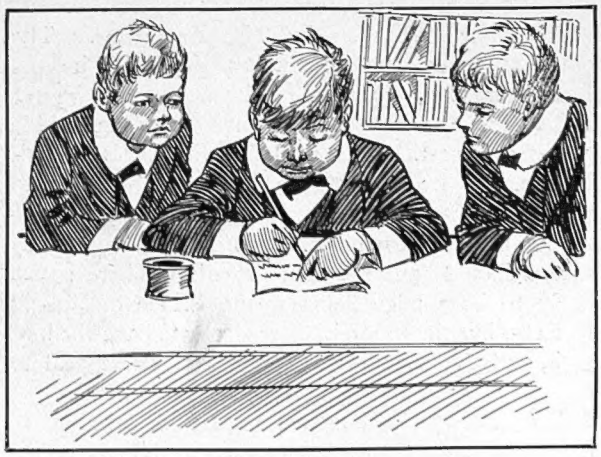


Soccer
The football season has set in with unusual severity. An uncommonly large crop of crocks has already been gathered

On the Rialto

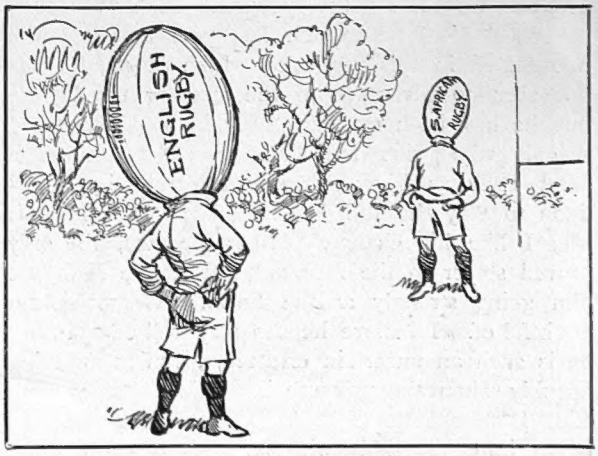
(*Prince Buelow, interviewed by a contemporary, scorns the idea of war between Germany and England, save in a legitimate commercial sense*)

"Dey tell you I want to fight you, Shon. Hein! dot vos ridiculousness. While we fight, dose shaps go und dake away all our gustomers"



An Open Letter

DEER PREZIDENT ROOSEVELT,—We quite agree with you about spellin words more like how they sound. All the same, your skeme is a bit of a chestnut, our lower therd having adopted it for sum yeers.—Yours truly, JONES MINIMUS *(for the lot)*.



The "Mostly Boers"

"Well, here he comes. Shall I be able to give him a decent game, or can he play like the 'All Blacks'?"

RACING NOTIONS

WHAT WILL HAPPEN AT DONCASTER? By "CARBINE"

Where Danger Threatens the Favourite

Keystone II. has drifted out to "2 to 1" in the betting, and many of the Newmarket people declare she has had an utterly bad preparation. Mr. Lambton, I am fully aware, has had trouble with the filly, yet he has been able to give her enough work to befit her for her tremendous task on Wednesday. She has been a great favourite with me since I saw her so handsomely carry off the Oaks, and my confidence in her is unabated. And yet I do not lose sight of the fact that danger is threatened in several directions. I do not fear Troutbeck so much, for, taking a line through Quair, I believe the favourite will hold the Kingsclere colt tolerably safe. But with Plum Tree and Storm it is different. In the latter case, we have a French colt who ran badly in the Derby, but over longer courses he has done exceedingly well. He was very close to Spearmint in the Grand Prix de Paris, and his victory at Chantilly last week demonstrated that he is now in good form. He has arrived at Doncaster quite undisturbed by the voyage across the Channel, so that he will at least have as much chance of distinguishing himself as Spearmint had in France. But, rightly or wrongly, Storm is not for me. I thought he was a common-looking colt in the paddock at Epsom, and I shall be surprised if he defeats the English cracks.

The Duke of Devonshire at Derby

As the greatest landowner in the county, the Duke of Devonshire is always a prominent figure at the Derby Meeting, on each day of which he was present last week

Plum Tree and Some Outsiders

I have a liking for Plum Tree, who is to be the chosen one of the powerful Manton stable, which last year achieved the unexpected in this very race. Like Storm, he was not seen to advantage in the race for the Derby, but he has been making steady improvement, and a colt who wins the Goodwood Cup in such good style as Plum Tree can surely be relied upon to stay the full St. Leger course. That is why I like his chance. He is, perhaps, the only proved stayer in the race, and I think we shall see him going strongly at the finish. Gorgos I am doubtful of. I believe he can stay well enough, but he is such an uncertain creature, given to swerving horribly when the pressure is applied, that, personally, I should not care to support him. Gingal is an improving colt who is sure to carry some money after his victory at Derby last week, while Malua, Beppo, Prince William, and Athi are other outsiders who will add to the interest of the race But I do not consider they will be likely to trouble the more-fancied division. Troutbeck is to be ridden by George Stern, the best jockey in France. Maher, of course, will ride Keystone II., and Madden will be on Plum Tree. So there will be no excuse for any of these on the score of jockeyship. Despite all the reports to her detriment, I cannot go against the favourite, one of the most beautiful fillies I have ever seen, and this is my notion of the probable result:—**Keystone II., 1; Plum Tree, 2; Troutbeck, 3.**

Other Interesting Races on the Town Moor

The success of the meeting on the Town Moor does not depend solely, of course, upon the St. Leger, for on each day there are one or two events of great interest. On the opening day, for example, the Champagne Stakes will be of exceptional importance, for everyone wants to see whether Slieve Gallion is able to confirm the good impression he has made. After Galvani's defeat by Lord Rosebery's Bezonian at Kempton Park on Friday, Slieve Gallion seems more than ever to stand out among the two-year-olds. On Wednesday I select **La Petite Dame** for the Cleveland Handicap, and **Saxham** for the Tattersall Sale Stakes. On Thursday the Portland Plate, always one of the best sprint races of the year, may go to **Camp Fire II.** In the Rous Plate there may be an interesting struggle between **Polar Star** and Prince of Orange, and I look to the first-named to retain his unbeaten record. The Scarborough Stakes may be taken by **His Eminence.** The great race on the concluding day will be the Doncaster Cup, wherein we hope to see **Pretty Polly** for the first time since her memorable defeat at Ascot. It is doubtful whether Bachelor's Button will be opposed to her. If he were to run, the contest would surpass in interest all else at the meeting, even the St. Leger itself. In any case, I should take the mare to win. There seems likely to be a huge field for the Prince of Wales's Nursery, but the top-weights are likely to have the best of it, and the chances of **Sagamore** most appeal to me. It depends entirely upon what Keystone II. does whether she will be started for the Park Hill Stakes, but the race, in any case, should fall to the representative of Mr. Lambton's stable, while the Doncaster Stakes will probably be secured by **Plum Tree.**

ROUND THE TOWN

Saturday's Great Race

The most notable circumstance in connection with last Saturday's great race—the event which came as such a godsend to those compelled to spend September in Town — has been the absence of any of that strained International feeling which has been so noticeable in previous Anglo-American contests. The Americans have shown a sporting spirit and good-fellowship which one would fain have experienced in bygone years. The fact, however, that it was Harvard who came to row Cambridge accounts for a good deal. Nobody who has come into contact with the American "Cambridge" man would expect anything else from him than breeding, tact, and sociability. Probably he is the best product of young America. He is as good a sportsman and a man as the British Cantab, but a broader and more modern tuition shapes him into a brighter, wittier, and altogether more generally cultured member of Society, and an evening with the Harvard "boys," young and old, is one of the most agreeable experiences the Britisher visiting New York and Boston can enjoy.

"Oh, to be an autumn leaf!"

Pitiable mental attitude of a Londoner (snapshotted in the Park), who, as a result of the prolonged heat-wave, agrees that the condition of a fallen leaf is one to be envied by the less fortunate human being

* * *

"Banerjee"

That the pantomimic coronation of Mr. Banerjee is of serious moment, probably, not even that voluble Babu himself believes, though it has provided Calcutta with a silly season jest and London with a headline or two. But underlying the business is the nasty impression that the Indian Secretary took over a bad legacy from Lord Curzon when he accepted the partition of Bengal. Reverse it, of course, he

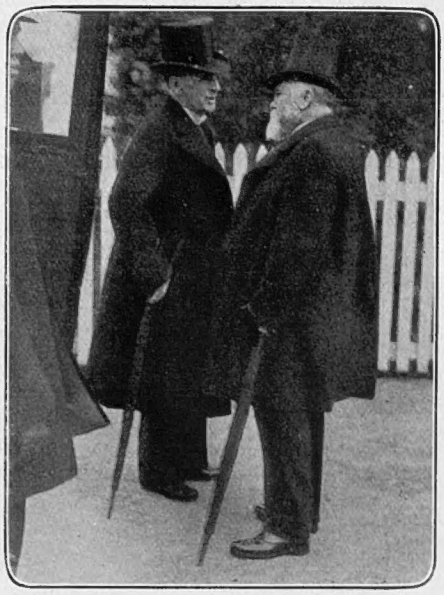
Photo *Follett*

Religion and the heat-wave

The performance of the ceremony of baptism by total immersion was recently performed by a priest of the Church of England at Harlech, North Wales. The photograph is unique, as the ceremony is extremely rare in the Established Church

The Mourners at Meigle

could not, without giving the babbling Babu an inflated idea of the power of his threats. However, once he had accepted the Curzon policy, by which Bengal was cut in half, he should have adopted Wellington's attitude, "There has been no mistake, there is no mistake, and there shall be no mistake." His allowing that strong and just ruler, Sir Bampfylde Fuller, to resign was a concession to popular clamour which should not have been made, and the "crowning" of Banerjee is only a logical outcome of his action. Disaffection against the Sahib in India is liable to spread, no matter how much the various religious sects individually hate and fear each other, and should the Mohammedans, who number seventy millions, think it time to air one or two of their own grievances as well, the trouble bids fair to be serious. They, unlike the chattering Bengalis, do represent a serious alternative government to the British *raj*, for India was theirs before ours, and when once they throw their weight into the scale, danger is ahead. The Mohammedans, for the moment, are watching us, and any sign of weakness or shilly-shallying will invite their contempt.



Mourners at the funeral of Lady Campbell-Bannerman at Meigle

The Right Hon. John Morley and the Premier's brother, the Right Hon. J. A. Campbell, of Stracathro

* * *

Funeral of the Premier's Wife

The simplicity of Lady Campbell-Bannerman's funeral was its most notable characteristic. In accordance with her bereaved husband's wish, and as fitting one of her ladyship's reserved and retiring disposition, it was in the quiet village churchyard of Meigle, Perthshire, close to the Premier's seat, Belmont, that the sad ceremony was performed. By a coincidence, the funeral of his wife took place within a day or two of the celebration of his seventieth birthday, and here it is, perhaps, apt to recall that, in the late Lord Salisbury's seventieth year, and during the gravest political crisis that Statesman ever had to weather (the early stages of the Boer War), he, too, lost the wife who, like Lady Campbell-Bannerman, was so invaluable an aid, and so gentle an influence in her husband's great work. To go a little further back still, it may be mentioned that Mr. Gladstone was spared the same grave loss during his lifetime, for the G.O.M.'s devoted wife followed him to the grave some years later.

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

The Premier at his wife's funeral, accompanied by Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, his private secretary

The obsequies of the late Lady Campbell-Bannerman took place in the quiet village church of Meigle, Perthshire, near the Premier's country seat at Strathmore, and were attended by representatives of the Court and Society, the Cabinet, and Parliament

* * *

A Royal Doncaster

A Royal Doncaster means, of course, a popular and a successful Doncaster. Successful, anyhow, in so far as the social side of the meeting is concerned. Arrangements for big house-parties in the district surrounding Doncaster have long been completed. The party at Rufford Abbey, where Lord and Lady Savile are entertaining the King, is, however, not to be entirely devoted to racing, for, according to present arrangements, the King intends to spend at least two days of the week, perhaps to-morrow (Thursday) and Saturday, in making excursions to places of interest in the neighbourhood. Shooting, probably owing to the fact that the King's knee is still inclined to be troublesome, is to form no part of the week's programme, although at Tulchan Lodge, Adire, where the King is to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon next week, the shooting over the Tulchan and Seafield moors is not to be neglected. At Seafield, Caroline, Countess of Seafield will, on one day of the King's visit, entertain His Majesty to luncheon at Castle Grant, which is a fifteenth-century castle of great historic interest, and which now holds in its safe keeping many Old Masters of very great value. While at Rufford, it is expected that the King will motor to Clumber Park, the Duke of Newcastle's seat, and also to Thoresby Park and Newstead Abbey. At Clumber, one of the "sights" of the place is the kitchen-garden, which contains conservatories said to be 1,300 feet in length, a capacity even Kew would probably find hard to beat.

* * *

Other St. Leger Parties

Nostell Priory, Lord St. Oswald's beautiful old place near Wakefield, is, as usual, to be the scene of a party for the St. Leger. Lord St. Oswald, who was once in the Coldstream Guards, and who, last month,

The King's Hosts at Doncaster

Lady St. Oswald (and her children)
Who is giving a St. Leger house-party at Nostell Priory, near Wakefield

Lord and Lady Savile
Who are entertaining the King at Rufford Abbey for the St. Leger

celebrated his "jubilee" birthday, is married to one of Sir Charles Forbes's daughters, and was for many years the Conservative Member for Pontefract. A large and very "smart" house-party is, of course,

Photos *Whitlow, Ltd.*

Rufford Abbey, near Wakefield, the seat of Lord and Lady Savile
From which, during Doncaster Race Week, the King will make a series of excursions to neighbouring places of interest

A Jam Rôle for "Ranji"

assembled at Tranby Croft, Mr. Arthur Wilson's house, but at Warter Priory, the delightful home of Lord Nunburnholme, Mr. Arthur Wilson's brother, no party is ever held during the Doncaster Week, owing to the well-known objections to racing held by his lordship.

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Show Places Near Doncaster

Lord and Lady Nunburnholme have, however, been entertaining a succession of autumn parties. Lord Nunburnholme, who, by the way, takes his lately acquired title from a little hamlet near Warter, has entirely rebuilt the house he purchased some years ago from Lord Muncaster. It is now quite one of the show places of the neighbourhood, and is surrounded, even in these days of lovely gardens, by grounds of exceptional beauty.

There are also parties for the race-meeting at Escrick, Lord Wenlock's place; at Sandbeck, where Lord and Lady Scarborough are entertaining; at Serlby, where Lord and Lady Galway have a party; and at Wentworth Woodhouse, where Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam's hospitable doors are opened even wider than usual during Doncaster Week.

Photo *Bourne and Shepherd*

The Gaekwar of Baroda

Who recently earned the wrath of Americans by confessing his inability to see the "wonderful beauty of American women"

Ranji's New Title

Prince Ranjitsinghi, the famous cricketer, who has been sadly missed by Sussex this year, has, it would seem, succeeded to the rulership of Nawanagar, owing to the death of the Jam of that State without heir. Nawanagar is in the Bombay presidency, and lies to the North-West of the peninsula of Kathiawar, and to the South of the Gulf of Cutch. It has an area of 3,790 miles, and a population of 316,000, chiefly Hindoos, with a leaven of 50,000 Mahommedans. The Jams of Nawanagar maintain a force of nearly 200 cavalry, 3,000 infantry, and some 117 guns. The founder of the State was Jam Rawal, who established himself at Nawanagar in 1535. One of his descendants was Jam Jasaji, who built the great fort of Nawanagar in 1788. He died in 1814 without male issue, and his widow adopted Ranmalji as Jam. He was a popular ruler, and saved his people from the horrors of famine in 1834, 1839, and 1846. Jam Ranmalji was succeeded by his son Vibhaji, who, in 1879, adopted Ranjitsinghi. But in 1882 he had a son, Jaswart Singh, who, according to the decision of the Indian Government, became the Jam. He it is who has just died without heirs. We are too accustomed to the sight of Prince Ranjitsinghi in cricket flannels to be able to picture him as the ruler of a State. What are the official robes of a Jam like? Shall we see pictures of the redoubtable "Ranji" in a bejewelled turban, a curly sword at his side, and wearing those remarkable white trousers which seem to be beloved by Indian potentates? We wait with curiosity the first portrait of the new Jam.

* * *

Another Indian Potentate

The Gaekwar of Baroda appears to have brought a hornet's nest about his ears. Just before leaving America for England he confessed to an interviewer that he had quite failed to see the "wonderful beauty of American women," though he was ready to credit them with being "a pleasing, frank, independent

Photo *Russell, Southsea*

Prince Ranjitsinghi

Who will, in future, be known as the Jam of Nawanagar, in which capacity he will control 316,000 people, an army of about 5,000 troops, and an income of £160,000

type of womanhood." Poor Gaekwar! This candid opinion has been seized upon by the American Press generally, and made the subject of violent and sometimes funny retorts. One paper is rude enough to say that "the Gaekwar has bad taste. . . . But every man to his taste, and the women of Baroda are not to our taste." Some of the writers, in their anxiety to defend the American woman, seem to forget that the Gaekwar is not a half-civilised African potentate, but a highly cultured Prince, and that he has not a harem of swarthy ladies, but is the husband of one wife. The lack of knowledge with regard to Indian Princes is sometimes most amusing. But we suppose that even a Gaekwar smiles sometimes.

* * *

"Comstockery"

The fact most difficult to grasp about Mr. Comstock, New York's anti-nude champion, whose nose is ever actively seeking out new forms of nastiness upon which to set the seal of official disapproval, is that he is an actual person, and not one of the characters of the late Charles Dickens. Comstock! The name is surely too closely akin to Chadband, Stiggins, and Pecksniff to be owned by any other than a fictitious type. Alas, however, it is not so. Comstock is real, Comstock is earnest, and if the grave is not his goal—well, there will be trouble for the angels when *their* costumes catch his

The Crusades of Mr. Comstock

eagle eye. Scarcely a week finds him unshocked by something or another. One day, it is a play that must be suppressed; another, a book; and, latest of all, the catalogues of the New York Art Students' League have been seized as "immoral publications," because of the inclusion therein of nude figures. In future, I suppose, American artists must vest their Venuses and petticoat their Psyches, or run the risk of being "Comstocked." I am, this week, able to print something rather *piquant* in the way of retorts courteous on Comstock. "La Milo" (Miss Pansy Montague), the "living statue," who portrays the nude so strikingly at the London Pavilion, has honoured the arch-enemy of her particular form of Art by sketching him with her own fair hands. By the way, an amusing explanation was lately given in New York *Life* of Mr. Comstock's goings-on. His ceaseless activities, it seems, are merely designed to prove to his employers that he is earning his salary! It would never do for a Paul Pry to lie low and do nothing; hence Comstock *must* go for somebody, or risk dismissal.

Mr. Comstock

New York's arch-Puritan and anti-nude, sketched specially for THE BYSTANDER, by "La Milo," the "living statue," of the London Pavilion

Lord Milner's Country House

A charming retreat from the cares and worries of affairs of State has been discovered by Lord Milner. The ex-pro-Consul has just acquired and taken up residence at an unpretentious, but charming, house at the little village of Sturry, in Kent, close to the cathedral city of Canterbury. The house is very prettily situated and overlooks the placid river Stour, from which the village takes its name. There is a quiet, old-world atmosphere about this secluded spot, which was once the country seat of the Abbots of Saint Augustine, and in the court-yard of which is an old Jacobean house, owned by Lord Strangford. Here Lord Milner will make his home, for the present at any rate. Far from the bustle and tumult of affairs, the erstwhile journalist, who went from a newspaper office to conduct difficult and trying affairs of State, will, in this quiet retreat, still have great thoughts to think. Milnerism is out of favour just now, but the pendulum *will* swing, and who dare say that Sturry's solitary occupant will not one day be called to Downing Street?

Photo] **Lord Milner's Country Seat: Sturry Court, Kent** [*Collis*

The ex-High Commissioner is settling down to English country life, and has lately acquired the above beautifully situated residence, the site of which was originally that of an Augustinian priory. It is close to Canterbury, and overlooks the River Stour

A Popular Conservative Hostess

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Lady Ridley

Whose husband, Lord Ridley, takes so prominent a part in House of Lords' politics. She herself is one of the most ardent supporters of Tariff Reform, though a daughter of the very Liberal house of Wimborne. She is a charming and vivacious hostess

Viscountess Ridley

Lady Ridley is the youngest daughter of Lady Wimborne, and the one who has made the most interesting marriage of them all. It has been remarked that seldom in a family have political differences been so marked as in that of the Wimbornes, and Lady Ridley, as is well known, has become one of the most ardent supporters of Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Reform. In fact, people have called her the "Leading Lady of the Movement." As a hostess, Lady Ridley has already achieved success, nor is the secret of her success far to seek, since with a pretty face and figure she boasts intelligence, vivacity, and charm, and has, moreover, as a political hostess, set about doing things in the right way—that is, she entertains, dresses, drives, and does everything always *en grande tenue*.

Such a short time has elapsed since the late Lord Ridley's death that his successor has scarcely settled down to his new duties as landlord of Blagdon, the family seat in Northumberland, or at Carlton House Terrace in London. In the near future, however, it is probable that, with his charming wife, he will call the political wanderers in, socially speaking, with no uncertain voice. Anyhow, Lady Ridley is already a hostess to reckon with, and Lord Ridley, it is popularly supposed, is almost sure of a seat in the next Conservative Cabinet.

The Scene of the Atholl Gathering

The Atholl Gathering

A large party assembled at Blair Castle, the Duke of Atholl's seat, last week, to take part in the Atholl Gathering. I read in *Vanity Fair* that there is a good deal of the "bogus" element about these modern gatherings of the clans. This may be true in some cases, but it certainly is not true as regards the Atholl Gathering. There, the Atholl Highlanders, each splendidly arrayed in the tartan of the clan, march on to the tented field under the leadership of their noble chief. And a "braw" show they make, too, with the great Highland bagpipes sounding the "Athell Gathering," the historic march to which the Atholl Highlanders have so often followed their chief—aye, and to bloodier fields than that of Wednesday last.

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The Marquis of Abergavenny

Our peerage contains few more interesting personalities than that of the old Marquis of Abergavenny, who, next Sunday, the 16th, celebrates his eightieth birthday. Once a great Conservative wire-puller, many troubles and great age have not served to crush out of him that spirit which somehow seems to have burned brighter in the cultured men of Disraeli's day than it does in our own. Still a tall, well-made man in the early fifties, he and Lady Abergavenny, a sister of the present Lord Derwent, were noted for their good looks. Politics and sport have formed the two great interests of the Marquis's life. To him, the Primrose League owes its being, and in recognition of his work for the Conservative Party, he was created a marquis by Disraeli in 1876. He founded the Constitutional Club in Northumberland Avenue, and at his house in Dover Street (now one of the many clubs, but, no, not a ladies' club!), some of the most important political meetings of the day took place. After politics came sport. For many years he and his sons mastered the Eridge Foxhounds, and on the Turf his lordship was a well-known figure at every race-meeting.

In days now past, when it was as fashionable to attend the Brighton and Lewes Meetings as it is now to go to the Derby or Ascot, the Marquis was as great a man on the two courses as the Duke of Richmond is at Goodwood. He had his private stands on both racecourses, and he and the Marchioness would entertain huge parties for the meetings, making their own headquarters at the house in Chichester Terrace, Brighton. But the trend of fashion has, for many years now, been set away from Brighton, and people rush up North or start their cures in Germany the moment Cowes and Goodwood release them; therefore, the Marquis no longer keeps up his old hospitality, but goes off to Wales, where, at Nevill Court, Monmouthshire, he always likes to spend some portion of the year.

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His Family

The Marquis has ever been a most devoted father and grandfather, but of his much-loved sons and daughters, not all have been a comfort to him. Since the death of Lady Abergavenny, Lord Henry Nevill, who, on account of the illness of Lord Lewes, had always taken the place of eldest son, has lived at Eridge with his father, to whom he is passionately

Photo **Blair Castle, Blair Atholl, N.B., the scene of the recent Atholl Gathering** [*Valentine*

At which, last week, a large detachment of the Atholl Highlanders, clad in the tartan of the clan, assembled and marched on to the field under the leadership of their chief, the Duke

A Great Political Family

devoted. He is the father of the Marchioness Camden, a favourite grandchild of the Marquis, and her marriage to Lord Camden, eight years ago, took place from her grandfather's house and at his church at Eridge. The Marquis has never got over the death of his wife. She was a great help to her husband in all his sporting and political tastes, and was herself one of the kindest and most sociable of women. They had only one disagreement—Church matters—and this disagreement, as religious controversy always does, caused rather a gulf between them. Their sympathies on matters ecclesiastical were as widely sundered as could be, he being ultra-Conservative and Low Church, and she entirely and enthusiastically with the High Church party, for whom she worked much, both at St. Leonards and in London.

His four daughters are, perhaps, better known to the world nowadays than are his sons. The two youngest, Lady Rose and Lady Violet, were twins, and their charm and prettiness when, in the 'eighties, they came out, took social London by storm. Both married early and both figured in the Divorce Courts. Lady Rose married the present Lord Cottenham in the same year in which her first husband, a doctor, obtained a divorce, while Lady Violet married Mr. Myddleton, after divorcing her first husband, Lord Cowley, now the husband of the former Lady Hartopp (*née* Millicent Wilson). His two elder daughters, Lady Cecil and Lady Idina, are married respectively to Colonel the Hon. Charles Gathorne-Hardy, one of Lord Cranbrook's sons, and to the Hon. Thomas Brassey, Lord Brassey's eldest son.

Photo *Willoughby*

Lady Dorothy Nevill

Who celebrates her eightieth birthday this year, both she and her relative, the Marquis of Abergavenny, having been born in 1826. Lady Dorothy is the daughter of Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford, and her promised book on the Walpole family is awaited with interest by historical students

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Lady Dorothy Nevill

Another interesting member of the Nevill family—Lady Dorothy Nevill—also celebrates her eightieth birthday this year. She, too, belongs to that brilliant period of the Victorian era which seems to have no parallel in our own. The daughter of Horatio Walpole, third Earl of Orford (about whose family she has written a book), Lady Dorothy married, in 1847, Reginald Henry Nevill, and has had three sons and a daughter, the latter the Miss Meresia Nevill of Primrose League fame. Like that other brilliant survivor of the early Victorian era, the late Miss Duff Gordon, Lady Dorothy's chief accomplishment lies in her wonderfully witty and brilliant conversational powers. She was the originator of those Sunday luncheon-parties which, before the days of motors and week-ends, were so much the vogue, and her house in Charles Street became the recognised meeting place for the greatest intellects of the day. Politics, literature, the Church, the stage, the Court, even science and the 'ologies, all met together here on common ground. Their hostess, with a bird-like brightness which, even now, at her advanced age, still distinguishes her, criticised everyone and everything with a merciless wit and sarcasm, and, to the never-failing delight of her audience, she would punctuate all happenings with her endless store of anecdote.

* * *

A Broad-Minded Politician

Though a staunch Conservative and a Primrose Dame, Lady Dorothy has numbered amongst her friends men and women whose political views were as far opposed to her own as are the poles to each other. For more than half a century, in fact, Lady Dorothy has known almost everyone of political, social, or intellectual distinction in the country. Lord Beaconsfield, Cobden, Darwin, and Huxley, were only a few of the distinguished men whom she knew. Lady Dorothy, though a Tory, is also strongly democratic. Social position, as a claim to distinction, is entirely ignored by her. Cleverness, interest in anything which is likely to assist real progress, and honest effort, are the characteristics which Lady Dorothy looks for in men and women. With regard to women, however, I learn that Lady Dorothy has no sympathy with the women who work (or play) outside what she considers to be the feminine sphere. Like her ancestor, Sir Robert Walpole, Lady Dorothy is devoted to everything relating to Norfolk, and is a member of the East Anglian Society. Much more, of course, could be written about this interesting woman, but as there is reason to believe that Lady Dorothy's Reminiscences are shortly to be published, I leave my readers in suspense till then.

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The Fragonard Centenary

One hundred years ago, or, to be precise, one hundred years ago on August 22 last, Jean Honoré Fragonard, the French painter *de luxe* of the eighteenth century, completed his mortal span. Fragonard, with his *fêtes galantes*, his Society *bergers* and *bergères*, his adorable Cupids, and his faint, exquisite colourings, was so entirely typical of his day that, even now, the veriest tyro in Art could not fail to "place" his period. A prolific artist, he never hesitated boldly to paint into his theatrical landscapes the features of any man or woman of the gay world whose appearance or habits suggested a picture to him. Excess of modesty, therefore, needless to say, is by no

The Fragonard Centenary

THE FOUR FAMOUS PANELS PURCHASED BY MR. PIERPONT MORGAN

L'Amant Couronne

Le Rendezvous

La Confidence

L'Abandon

means the leading characteristic of his wonderful art. Nevertheless, it has been handed down to us as a fact that the famous panels known as the Fragonards of Grasse, now the property of that king among collectors, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, which were originally painted for Madame du Barry, were rejected by her on the score of their too-obvious reticence! Instead of adorning her *pavillon* at Louveciennes, therefore, Fragonard, for their security during the Revolution, took them to Grasse, his birthplace, and, in revenge, painted a fifth panel, entitled *L'Abandon*, which depicted the famous mistress of Louis XV. as deserted, fading, and forgotten!

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Mr. Morgan's Price

The price paid for these five panels by Mr. Pierpont Morgan is said to have been 2,500,000 francs (£100,000), but, even so, France would quite gladly give double that amount to get them back again. The Wallace Collection contains nine Fragonards, including that example of his work best known to the amateur, "The Swing," and which is perhaps, the most typical specimen of Fragonard's style, containing as it does a swinging and very much powdered, painted, and be-frilled goddess, an adoring lover, fat and delicious Cupids, azure blue backgrounds, a pink silk frock, and tiny pink silk slippers. BYSTANDER.

(FROM ORIGINAL PAINTINGS BY JEAN HONORÉ FRAGONARD)

PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

The Apache's Foe

Burglaries in Paris and the provinces, wherein the revolver and the knife, as a rule, play an important rôle, are becoming more and more frequent. The police seem powerless, and the attacked citizens, paralysed by fear, do not make use of the weapons at their disposal, with the result that the ghastly list of murdered persons has been swelling of late to an alarming extent. But help has come from an unexpected quarter. The Apache has encountered a formidable foe, on whom he never reckoned, and that foe is woman. Under normal conditions, woman shudders at the thought of shedding blood, but when she once decides to kill, her hand does not tremble. We have had many instances of that of late. A young woman was married to a scoundrel who wanted to force her to get her living in the streets, whereupon she left him and went back to her mother. A month ago the fellow burst into the room where the two women were dining, and with horrible threats called upon his wife to return to him. Before he had time to strike her, he fell to the ground with the carving knife buried in his throat. She informed the jury that if she deserved punishment it was for not having performed the deed sooner; and the twelve gentlemen evidently agreed with her, for she was at once acquitted.

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The Modern Amazons

Last week a girl distinguished herself in a similar manner. She was nursing her sick sister and waiting her father's return, when two men attempted to break the shutters of the lonely cottage. In an instant she had seized her father's rifle, and lodged a bullet in one of the burglars' heads. There was no necessity to fire a second shot. Number one was "out of business"—as the Americans say—and the other had fled. She then resumed her sewing, as if nothing had occurred. Her name is Mlle. Brazy, and if she were placed at the head of a company of Amazons, I feel certain the Paris streets would be safer at night than they are at present. Our policemen appear to be always in doubt as to when they may or may not use their revolvers, and whilst they are weighing the matter, the psychological moment has passed. Women do not trouble about the subtleties of the law. If they are threatened they strike, if they are struck they kill. They are doing good work as long as they continue to aim their shots at the enemies of Society.

Photo *Otto*

La Comtesse Rodallec du Porzic, around whom the Blue Diamond Ring Drama centres

The Comtesse accuses her guest, M. Greger, a Russian diplomat, of having stolen the famous jewel. The case is causing the deepest interest in France

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The Statue Mania

I do not know whether marble and bronze have risen in price, but I would not be surprised if this were the case, owing to the statue mania that has seized the population. There is not a village nor hamlet in France that does not claim its great man whose effigy the natives are anxious to perpetuate, although that great man may only be a gentleman who has presented his fellow townsmen with a new fire-engine, or a chest-protector for the local policeman. Money is always easily found for these demonstrations. But in the case of a celebrated scientist or a great man of letters, funds are not forthcoming with equal rapidity. Musset's statue was not erected till many years after his death; and as to Victor Hugo, he is still waiting his turn, in company with Beethoven. But Gounod is ready to be inaugurated; Ambroise Thomas will soon grace the Parc Monceau; a powerful committee is now looking after Liszt, but as they were not ready at the appointed time, the space reserved for him has been appropriated by Benjamin Godard. Pasteur will have his statue, so will Zola. Theophile Gautier, Michelet, Meilhac, Mirabeau, Garibaldi, Descartes, Voltaire, Jean-Jacques Rousseau—a motley assembly—are all "in the make." Waldeck Rousseau's monument will soon adorn the Place du Caroussel; and Louis Veuillot, the champion of the Church, will, from the heights of Montmartre, in front of the Sacré-Cœur, look down upon the Parisians on whom he used to pour the torrent of his wrath. Erecting statues has blossomed

into an epidemic which will not tend towards improving the appearance of the city of Paris.

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A Vulgar Drama

There is something decidedly vulgar in the affair of the diamond ring, that is helping the reporters of the daily papers to earn a living at the moment. Everybody knows how M. and Mme. Greger were invited to spend a few weeks at the Château near Brest, the property of Count and Countess Rodallec de Porzic. And how the Countess missed her ring, with the famous blue diamond that had once been a Crown jewel, and accused M. Greger of having stolen it. Also, how the ring was found in the tooth powder. But there is a side to this curious story that seems to be overlooked by the very people whose business it is to look. The vulgarity of the accusation does not strike either the accusers or the public. To put things plainly. The Count and Countess invite a man to their house who is supposed to steal a valuable ring. The ring is found, and instead of hushing up the matter, and politely getting rid of the offending guest, there is a general uproar. Servants are questioned as to their master's character and habits; any amount of small talk is repeated and enlarged in the reports of it; we hear how much the Greger household owes and how much it spends; how the family lives, and whence comes the income, all details that are brought to light and commented on by the daily papers before the official inquiry has been commenced. The reporters rush from one to the other; put questions and receive answers that they print in the day's news, while M. Greger throws mud at the Countess, and the Countess hurls it back at M. Greger. To what purpose? That is difficult to say. Nobody knows. But the taint of petty spite and vulgarity comes through these columns of print and show the Count and Countess, and M. Greger, the Russian diplomat, in anything but a pretty light.

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The Adventurer and the Faubourg St. Germain

The ring mystery affords a fresh instance of the hollowness of certain *milieus* in French Society. It is sufficient for a man to take a big apartment in a fashionable locality and give big dinners, to find his way into some of the well-known houses. No inquiries are made. He can entertain, and he is accepted. If he has a foreign title so much the easier. In opposition to this is the strait-laced Faubourg St. Germain, where a stranger is looked upon like an unclean animal, and is not allowed to cross the threshold. There they receive among themselves; never make new acquaintances; intermarry, and beget the limp specimens of manhood that contrast badly with the robust and earnest French nobility in the provinces. The aristocratic Faubourg, with its retrograde ideas and exclusiveness, has, at all events, a backbone of respectability.

Photo *Underwood and Underwood*

Blessing the chalets and the cattle in Switzerland

A quaint and interesting ceremony is often to be seen in the valleys of Switzerland at this time of year in the *benediction des chalets*. The village priest blesses the chalets and cattle that they may be protected from the dangers of the Swiss winter, and that the next season's crops may be successful

A Rather Too Glorious "First"

SHOOTING THE PARTRIDGE IN SHIRT SLEEVES

A heroic band

The partridge season opened anything but auspiciously, as, owing to the tropical heat, only the most determined sportsmen turned out last week, and even these had to discard the conventional shooting-jacket in favour of shirt sleeves

Luncheon in the shade

A mixed bag in Essex

Photos *Halftones, Ltd.*

Out with the guns on the "First"

From a purely sporting point of view, this year's partridge season is poor. The heat has made walking for any distance impossible, and the harvest having been a late one, the corn was still standing in many places last week, much to the detriment of sport. However, good bags were made, particularly in Scotland, Yorkshire, and the Eastern Counties

The PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

His Majesty's Theatre

"THE WINTER'S TALE"

It would be interesting to know in what spirit the "first-nighters" of Shakespeare's day received *The Winter's Tale*. Did they "boo" this hotch-potch of periods, or were they edified by the introduction of their own Warwickshire rural life into a classic story? The modern generation is too squeamish for *The Winter's Tale*. It shudders when Hermione mentions that her father was the Emperor of Russia, and laughs when immediately afterwards the Oracle of Delphi appears to decide upon Hermione's relation with the King of Bohemia by the Sea. It is not alone the anachronisms which impair the acting value of the play. One could pardon such little slips as that of describing the sheep-shearer as a "puritan," and one would willingly bridge the period which elapsed between the worship of Apollo in Sicily and the cult of the corn in Warwickshire had Shakespeare written an interesting play. He did not do so. From the first violent introduction of Leontes, with his causeless, almost imbecile, suspicion of his wife's virtue, past the "lapse of sixteen years" down to the re-incarnation of Hermione, the play *qua* play is almost a weariness of the flesh. It is a most ragged piece of work, too ill-done even to support the plausibility of the characters. Leontes comes nearest to being a good acting rôle. He has some fine speeches, which Mr. Warner gave with fine effect. So fine, indeed, was the actor's portrayal of jealousy, that he almost made us forget the ridiculous and trivial grounds for Leontes' suspicions.

It is a positive relief when this classical story is shunted in order to make way for the rural scenes in Warwickshire. Unwittingly, the audience rejected the classical elements in the play, and plumped for mediævalism. Their reception of the scene before the shepherd's cottage was uproarious. They hailed Florizel in the garb of a shepherd and the rustic maiden

Perdita; they roared over the rogue Autolycus; their clamour over the snatches of song and the dances in this scene was instinct with the desire for repetition. The pit almost set the seal upon anachronism by yelling "Encore."

Mr. Ryan's setting is a perfect dream of rustic beauty. The shepherd's cottage lies in a glade of over-arching foliage, hard by a meandering stream of real water, which realises beauty no more effectively than the painted pool whence it arises. To this enchanted spot come rustic swains and maidens to join hands in a dance; to fling blossoms in pure gladness over the beauty of Nature's produce. Here the pedlar Autolycus comes to cheer the villagers with his drolleries and to put the finishing touches to as fine a picture of a village *en fête* as has been seen in many a long day. It is a pity Mr. Somerset is unable to sing. If he could but render the lyrics, one would say, "What an Autolycus!" But in

default of finding a singer who can act in Shakespeare—almost a hopeless task these days—Mr. Tree has given us an actor who can act. So we are duly grateful. This village festival is Perdita's scene. Through it Miss Tree gambolled with flying feet and a light heart.

The appearance of Miss Ellen Terry as Hermione fifty years after her first appearance as Hermione's son, Mamillius, is one of those pleasing incidents which occur more frequently in the theatrical than in other professions. Hermione is a rôle which calls for dignity and sweetness. Miss Terry brought both qualities to bear upon it. The character, which is well within the power of even a moderate actress, is yet a character which demands from the player personal charm rather than skill in acting. It is probable that Miss Ellen Terry will be known as the charming Hermione as Miss Mary Anderson is still recalled as Hermione the beautiful. Mrs. Tree, as Pauline, gave one of those decisive, clear-cut performances which we have come to demand from her almost as a matter of course. Without having any fault to find with the diction of the company at His Majesty's, one can commend Mrs. Tree for the grace and ease with which she spoke the verse.

Adelphi Theatre

"TRISTRAM AND ISEULT"

Fortune is again the good angel of the Adelphi Theatre. The management has secured that most rare bird, a sound acting play in blank verse. Mr. Comyns Carr has at no period in his play allowed his sense of the theatre to desert him. His version of the great legend, which so many have seized upon both for story and song, is eminently playable. Little else matters. It is of slight importance to see in what respects his version differs from others. No one can be said to have written a stage version of *Tristram and Iseult* for all time, though, of course, the legend will never, after Wagner, be treated as music-drama. So Mr. Carr, imbued with the spirit of reverence for Arthurian legend, yet unhampered by any fears of treading on holy ground, has gone to work and written a play which is of deep and moving interest.

In the first act we see Iseult an object of hatred to King Mark, to Sir Andred, and to Arganthael, about to sail for Ireland. If fault can be found with this acting edition it is the demand made upon the attention of the audience during the opening lines of the play. Characters are almost "discovered" whose opening speeches are so many keys which unlock the motives of their future opposition to Iseult. If you are not particularly attentive upon the rising of the curtain you will miss three important points: that King Mark's hatred of Iseult is based upon jealousy of his fame; that Arganthael hates her step-son Iseult, because he stands as heir to

King Mark in the way of her sons; that Andred is Arganthael's ally because, though flouted by Moraunt, his courage had failed him, and it was left for Tristram to kill Moraunt and to receive from his stricken adversary a poisoned wound. Yes, the most careful attention to these important speeches is repaid manifold.

In the limited space left to me I can but put on record the enthusiastic manner in which the play was received. Next week I hope to deal more fully with both play and players. E. C. S.

[*Being the third chapter of the true story of the experiences which befel a little party of worldlings—a fisherman ("Skipper"), his wife ("Cook"), his sister-in-law ("Kitchen-maid"), and the writer ("Scribe")—among the uninhabited islands of the Bahamas. Above is the cave which afforded the ladies of the party a refuge after the tents had been blown down by a storm.*]

PART III.—A NEW CAMP—FISHING WITH WATER-BUCKETS

After fourteen days, the flies forced us to break up camp. A few showers of rain had roused them to their fullest activity. It was almost impossible to sleep. We tried fires; they enjoyed the heat. Smoking was no more effectual. They seemed to regard it as a delicate attention on our part. After a council of war, we decided upon a bare patch of sand on the north-west of the island. It was fully exposed to the fury of the gales which raged at this season of the year. That was why we chose it. Better an occasional norther than a permanent plague of flies. The story of our trek would make very painful reading. We had to cut a trail through an evil-smelling mangrove swamp, where the land crabs lived. It took a full day to construct this trail. To make matters worse, I had never known the "kitchen-maid" in better form. She had something pointed to say about every incident on the march. "This is my day off," she announced, and she spent it in giving ironical directions whenever we stuck at the work of dragging, hauling, and pushing our belongings along the never-ending trail.

"A little more leverage. It's science as does it," she would remark as she reclined on a fallen tree, looking delightfully cool in her island costume, which seemed to grow more picturesque as it became more disreputable.

There was a breeze blowing when at last we arrived at the camping ground. It was sufficient to make the tents playfully resist our efforts to get them into position. It was impossible to obtain a hold with the pegs in the soft sand, so we had to cast around for rocks. There was a shortage in rocks, so we fastened the tents together for mutual support. When the skipper and I and the two boys had put the finishing touches to a most ragged, unstable-looking piece of work, the voice of the "kitchen-maid" was upraised above the breeze. "Can you spare the scribe to help me with the supper?" I went.

In the night the breeze freshened. "In the first sweet sleep of night," as Moore hath it, I was aroused by a series of unearthly yells. "Stand by the ropes," called out the skipper. I tumbled out, and in the fitful light of a hazy moon I found the poles of the ladies' tent silhouetted gracefully against the sky, while the flapping canvas was engaged in trying to beat down the shrieks of laughter which proceeded from the buried inmates. I managed, with the help of Man Friday and Albert, to save our tents from sharing in the ruin, while the skipper went to the rescue of the girls. It was hopeless to re-erect their tents, so they adjourned for the rest of the night to a cave close to the camp.

The next day was a general holiday after our labours. So we all took our water-buckets and sallied out fishing in the two boats. A water-bucket is merely an ordinary bucket with a glass bottom. It prevents refraction, and, gazing through it, everything below is clearly revealed as if no intervening water existed. Searching the patches of coral for likely pitches revealed the most wonderful sights. Through the buckets we saw fish of all sizes up to sixty pounds, splashed with colours like gorgeous Brazilian butterflies. We could see them fighting and chasing each other from their respective haunts, or nipping off with their sharp, strong teeth corners of coral as

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Magic Through the Water-Glass

brilliant as themselves. Delicate, tiny little azure mites, with elongated fin-tipped streamers, darted hither and thither, escaping as if by a miracle being swallowed by their big brethren Beneath these, again, great orange and pink crayfish twirl their three-feet feelers as they creep on stilted legs from one nook to another, or, when alarmed, shoot backwards with a flick of the tail into some well-known hole. Every fish has its hidden home in a coral rock. The entrance to their quarters is so narrow that they can gain admittance only by laying on their sides.

Occasionally we anchored over a patch of coral, and applied the bucket, only to find no fish visible. Acting on the advice of the skipper, we cast overboard a handful of the broken conch-shells, from which we had extracted the bait. What a revelation! From every crevice appear fish. The larger the crevice the more fish, until the rocks seem alive with them. We baited our hooks with conch, hammered or chewed, to make it soft and palatable for such as the parrot-fish, which will blow out a hard bait, or else nip off a piece.

Fishing through water-buckets

A water-bucket, or water-glass, is merely a bucket with a glass bottom. By means of it one is able to correct the refraction, and to see the fish as clearly as though no water intervened

No sooner is the bait lowered than a score of small, worthless fish attack it. With heads buried in our buckets, we endeavoured to dodge them, but we lost plenty of bait before getting a desirable quarry. The cook made the first catch—a mutton fish, a handsome silvery pink fellow, very good to eat.

The skipper was beginning to make great headway with his collection of fish. There are some five hundred varieties of fish in the Bahamas, and when he had caught a beauty, the artist in him would give him no peace until he had caught another of the same kind which he could use as a model. Painting the specimens was one of his greatest delights. Choosing a shady spot, he set to work on his stuffed fish, with the living model before him in a bucket of water. He used to riot in colour, especially over one beautiful variety of parrot-fish, of which he only caught two specimens.

The skipper at work painting fish from a living model

"*ROBINSON CRUSOE LTD.*"

Rainbow-Coloured Fish

The colouring of this parrot-fish, though no more beautiful than that of many others in these waters, is worthy of description, if only as a contrast to the sombre-coloured English fish. Head, Indian red; nose, purple: body, emerald green; fins, striped blue, Indian red, and purple; tail, orange in centre, edged with dark and light blue; yellow spots on gill, and three yellow scales close to tail; hence its name—Golden Tail.

The skipper used to have great trouble with his models. They were so often literally "off colour." After he had, with great pains, mixed a correct shade of grey, he would find his model had become sick. The grey would turn to scarlet and the blue to green. Up he would jump and fill the bucket with fresh water, whereupon the new store of oxygen would cause the natural tints of the model to return.

No blue he could mix could do justice to the so-called Turbot. Painting from a living model, apart from the difficulty of it, has another drawback. It does not serve to identify the specimens, owing to the manner in which the colours of fish are affected by their surroundings. The skipper illustrated this for us by the black rock-fish. It emerged coal-black from its cave, and, after a minute's rest upon a sandy background, became pure white. Hence some artists favour the plan of painting specimens from a dead model, the colours of which are set and very different from the colours it sported when alive.

I have stated that our commissariat consisted chiefly of the fish we caught. In this connection I must mention that we ran many dangers owing to inability to distinguish poisonous specimens. One day Man Friday brought in a fine amber jack which had given him great sport on a rod. That evening we supped sumptuously. We were in the gracious mood in which camp life is all *couleur de rose*, and civilisation is but the memory of an unpleasant nightmare, when Man Friday remarked in conversational tones that solitary specimens like the one we had eaten for supper were very often poisonous. Our informant proceeded to draw a most unpleasant picture of one suffering from fish poison: violent headache, eyes bulging out, watery blisters at intervals on the body, and aching pains everywhere. Natives of the Bahamas can generally tell the poisonous specimens. The difficulty lies with the fish which are only occasionally poisonous. With such doubtful specimens the natives cook a sixpence, and if it turns black, they do not eat the fish. We resolved to be a little more careful in the future, as up to the present we greenhorns had eaten almost any variety that appeared in the catch.

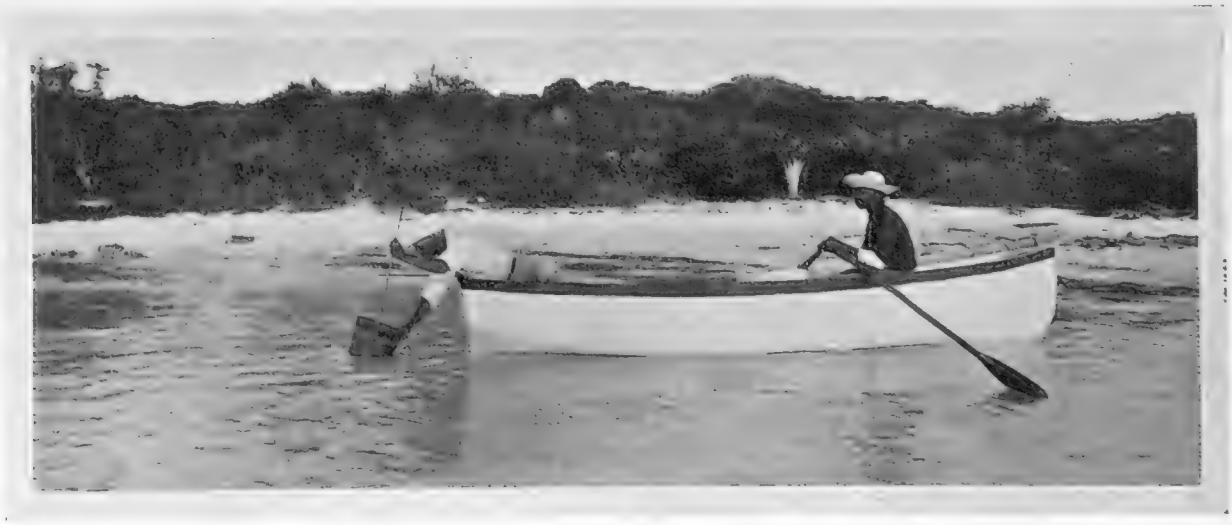
A grained grouper

If, when the blunt end of the grain is poked into a coral cavern, you hear something grunting like a pig, it means a grouper at home, but, although you may drive the grain into him, there is no certainty of extracting him

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

A Word to New Readers

In the preceding pages is given the third instalment of the story of the adventures which befel a little party of four worldlings among the uninhabited islands of the Bahamas. The scribe, fleeing from civilisation, meets the skipper, his wife, and sister-in-law bound on a fishing excursion. The party form themselves into a company, "Robinson Crusoe Ltd.," and actually live the ideal life depicted by Mr. J. M. Barrie in the second act of *The Admirable Crichton*.



Graining for cray-fish

The grain is a wooden rod tipped with a prong. Note the water-bucket once more in use

The "Derby of the North":

TATTERSALL'S RING AND

The "St. Leger," or the "Derby of the North," which was run yesterday at Doncaster, is the last of the five "classical" races of the year, its predecessors in the front rank (from the sporting as distinct from the social point of view) being the "Thousands," the Derby, and the Oaks. The "St. Leger" is awaited with keen interest, as it is often the decisive battle-ground between horses wh the Derby. Ten times in history has the sa "Triple Crown," those of recent years Diamond Jubilee, and Rock Sand. The "

The Scene at the "St. Leger"

COURSE AT DONCASTER

have figured in the Two Thousand and e horse won all three races, and gained the ng Isinglass, Galtee More, Flying Fox, ger" is usually a bad race for favourites, in the last fifty years no fewer than twenty-five of them having been beaten, while once, in 1822, the sporting world was staggered by the victory of a crippled horse, against which enormous odds had been laid!

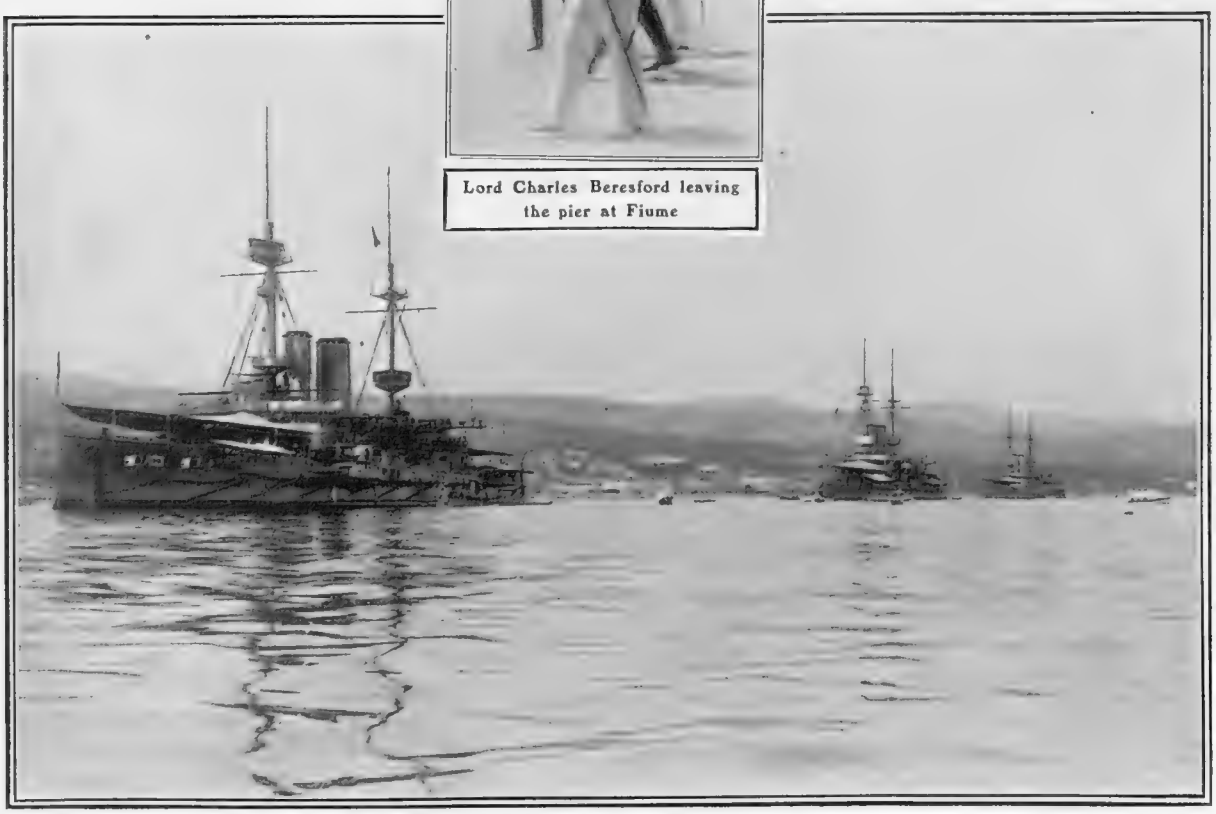
Beresford's Fleet at Fiume

THE BAND OF WHICH WAS HISSED FOR PLAYING THE AUSTRIAN ANTHEM!

Fleet anchored at Buccari, near Fiume

Fiume, which has been entertaining the British Squadron, is beautifully situated on the Gulf of Quarnero, at the foot of the Julian Alps

Lord Charles Beresford leaving the pier at Fiume



Fiume, the Hungarian seaport, off which the Mediterranean Fleet has lately been lying

A remarkable political incident marked the visit of the Mediterranean Fleet to Fiume recently. The band of the Fleet, which was playing ashore, rendered the Austrian National Hymn, and was astonished to find it greeted with a round of hisses. Next day, the chief paper of the town offered a formal apology to the Admiral, explaining that the hisses were not meant for the band but for the Anthem, "the hideous and hated notes of which no Hungarian can listen to without clenching his fists and giving vent to his hatred"

Worldly Short Story No. 40

AMARYLLIS IN MAYFAIR

By FRED M. WHITE

TO WORLDLY READERS

Any of our readers who have written stories which they think would be suitable for our Worldly Series are invited to send in their Manuscripts, which must be typewritten. A story by an unknown writer will receive just as much consideration as though it had been written by one of the most celebrated authors of the day, and, if accepted, will be liberally remunerated. Only good stories are wanted!

THE Archbishop of Dewsbury balanced his teaspoon thoughtfully on the edge of his cup. He was dining with the Dennisons, where it was customary to serve the post-prandial coffee in the drawing-room. To a certain extent, this indicated an evangelical leaning on the part of the Dennisons. And His Grace of Dewsbury was not given that way. Still the Dennisons were extremely rich and, perhaps, inclined to be aggressively pious, and the Archbishop was a diplomatist to his finger-tips. He was a kind of spiritual chemist who achieved the most marvellous results by effusion of combative elements. Otherwise, a man of the people like himself could not possibly have occupied his present distinguished position.

He was talking now to the Rev. William Devereux, the popular pastor of St. Jude's, Mayfair. In addition to his other gifts, he of Dewsbury had a fine eye for a man, and in his judgment the incumbent of of St. Jude's was destined to go far. For the rest, Devereux was tall and thin, with a long, hatchet type of face, and a consoling sense of the comfort to be derived from well-chosen words. Those less fortunate than himself — and they were many — averred that Devereux owed a great deal of his popularity, and most of his present financial success, to his wife. The Archbishop was discussing the lady in question at the same moment.

"As you are aware, my young friend," he said, "I am a strong advocate of celibacy in the Church. Not that I make a rigid rule of it. There are notable exceptions, and yours is one of them. You find your wife a great help to you in your work, I suppose?"

Devereux murmured something appropriate. He dismissed the apposite allusion to rubies as being inappropriate.

"So I gathered," the Archbishop went on. "There is a charm about your wife which appeals to me. She seems to be so singularly unspotted from the world, if I may so put it. One so seldom meets Amaryllis in Mayfair nowadays. Women are so worldly. I am delighted to know that I shall have an opportunity of following up my acquaintanceship. Let me see, is it Wednesday or Thursday that I have promised to come and dine with you?"

"Eh, what!" Devereux exclaimed. He was on the verge of committing himself. "I beg your Grace's pardon, but, really, I had no idea—I don't quite mean that. You see, I always leave these things to my wife. I am so absent-minded myself——"

"I am almost sure it was Thursday," the Archbishop said thoughtfully. "At any rate, I told my chaplain to make a note of the date directly after dinner to-night. I am looking forward to discussing with you the details of a scheme of mine for bringing all the wings of the Christian Churches more closely together. Now I come to think of it, I fancy it was your wife who suggested that you would be likely to be of great assistance to me in the matter. Doubtless, she will tell you all about it."

The Rev. William Devereux had quite recovered his head by this time. He said the right thing, as he always did. Nevertheless, there was a drumming in his ears and a tingling of his pulses as he realised the importance of the Archbishop's statement. Like most young divines exalted on popular pinnacles, he was not in the least disposed to underrate his own abilities. But he was quite certain of one thing—the Archbishop would never have consented to dine with him on his own invitation; indeed, he would have lacked the audacity to make the suggestion, and here Amy Devereux had brought the thing about in the most natural manner in the world. There had been no condescension on the part of the Archbishop; indeed, he appeared to be looking forward with pleasure to the reunion. It was, perhaps, fortunate for Devereux that a lank peer with a ritualistic bias should have claimed the great Churchman's attention at that moment. Devereux steered his way across the crowded drawing-room to the opposite side where a little woman with a wonderful mass of red-gold hair was seated. She lifted a pair of innocent blue eyes to Devereux's face, and he dropped into the seat by her side.

On the whole, it seemed to Devereux that the Archbishop was right. Innocence and sweetness seemed to sit on his wife like a garment. Certain sentimental folks who enjoyed the pleasure of Mrs. Devereux's friendship were wont to declare that she reminded them of a character from some old-world novel. She was flavoured with Goldsmith, so to speak; Beaumont and Fletcher appeared to have cast their influence over her. In a word, she was frankly charming, and none the less so because of her freshness. But then, as folks argued, what could one expect otherwise in a *protégée* and relation of the

Another "Worldly Story" next week

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Hon. Mrs. St. Aubyn? That *grande dame* lived, as everybody knew, in strict seclusion on her own estate, where the family had flourished for the last four hundred years. It was one of Mrs. St. Aubyn's tenets—though she made no boast of it—that no plebeian had ever shared the exquisite joys of her own table. Society, as we know it to-day, came not within the orbit of Mrs. St. Aubyn's sphere. She would just as soon sit down to dine with her cook as entertain a modern millionaire. For the rest, she ruled her household with a rod of iron, and it was an understood thing that she had arranged the marriage between Amy and the Rev. William Devereux much in the same way as she arranged for the colour-scheme in the flower beds of her own wonderful garden. The matter had been all the more easy because Devereux was a relation of hers also, and she had paid for his education at Eton and Christ Church. Who Amy was no one quite knew, for she had not been seen at St. Aubyn's Towers until she had suddenly appeared there at the age of sixteen. At any rate, Mrs. St. Aubyn volunteered no information, neither did the curious ask questions. Mrs. St. Aubyn was not the woman to permit herself to become the victim of idle gossip.

At any rate, the match appeared to be a great success, and, beyond all question, the Rev. William owed a great deal to his wife. A year ago, he had been more or less a struggling man, and now he was pastor of one of the most popular, and, it may be added, prosperous, churches in the West End of London. How this had come about Devereux might have found it difficult to say. Apparently by accident, Amy Devereux had managed to become acquainted with one or another of the Trustees of the church, and when the late incumbent had been killed, alpine climbing, the thing seemed to fall quite naturally into Devereux's grasp. The strange part of the whole thing was that nobody had even thought of him in connection with the appointment, but when once it was made, everybody appeared to regard it as the most natural thing in the world. Perhaps even Devereux himself was not altogether aware how much he owed to the charming little Amaryllis who seemed to flourish so luxuriantly in the somewhat rank soil of Belgravia.

"You are pleased about something, William," she said.

"Well, yes, I am," Devereux admitted, "and a little astonished into the bargain. I have been talking to the Archbishop."

"So I saw," Mrs. Devereux smiled. "Go on."

"He is coming to dine with us on Thursday. I was so surprised that I very nearly . . . Still, I am sure he didn't notice anything. I understand that he wants my assistance in some big scheme of his for bringing all the wings of the Churches together. I shall be very glad of this opportunity for placing my talents——"

"Oh, yes, I have heard that before," Mrs. Devereux said. "No doubt we shall find the Archbishop exceedingly useful. I think, without exception, he is the most ambitious man I ever met."

"My dear child, what can you know of these things?"

"Oh, don't ask me. It is only my instinct, and my instinct never plays me false. I am sure that man is ambitious. He will never be contented till he gets called to Canterbury. And there is not a scrap of religion in the man, either. He is a political bishop, and he owes his promotion entirely to the good luck which brought his party into power just at the moment when Dewsbury became vacant. Still, as I said before——"

The Rev. William Devereux was properly shocked. He had never heard his wife speak like this before. This whiff of worldly wisdom pained him. He was very silent on the homeward journey as the smart little brougham whirled along in the direction of Curzon Gardens. People were wont to say that Mrs. Devereux's flat was one of the most cosy and artistic in London. It mattered very little that most of the charming objects there were still unpaid for, and that the rest had been purchased on the hire system. Also, there were moments of peril when the instalments were in arrear. But these only added zest to life. It is a painful fact to have to record, but William Devereux had been an extravagant man at Oxford, and now his tradesmen there were recovering after many days the bread which they had cast upon the waters very heavily buttered in the shape of interest.

"I suppose I have got you to thank for it," Devereux said, as he put on his slippers and lighted something curiously expensive in the way of a cigarette. "I mean about the Archbishop, you know."

"I think so," Amy said, after a pause. "Yes, I think I was mainly instrumental in bringing the thing about. But I am not in the least looking forward to it. I am perfectly certain that all day on Wednesday I shall have one of my nervous headaches. I always used to get them during the day preceding a first—what am I talking about! I mean that I shall be all right on Thursday evening. But the day after to-morrow I shall be no more than a wreck. By the way, did I understand you to say that you were going to Worcester to the opening of a new church? I thought, too, that you wouldn't be back till Thursday morning."

"That is quite right," Devereux admitted. "But if you think you are going to be ill, I won't go."

"My dear William, I would not have you stay at home for worlds. You know that when I have one of my nervous attacks I hate to have anybody about me. As soon as you leave on Wednesday I shall send all the servants away with the exception of my maid; I shall pull the blinds down, and spend the whole time in bed. It is only by these means that I shall be in a position to cope with the Archbishop. Really, you must let me have my own way in this matter."

"Very well," Devereux said. "It shall be just as you say. And, really, it will be a mistake for me not to go to Worcester. I don't see how I can possibly get back the same night, but I can easily return in time for luncheon on Thursday."

Mrs. Devereux managed to convey to her husband that she would much rather he did not return on the Wednesday night, but he did not appear to be listening. He stretched out his hand for another of the choice cigarettes, and Mrs. Devereux went thoughtfully to bed.

. . . . .

In his own orbit the Bishop of Ilchester was quite

(Continued on page 546)

A Forthcoming Arrival at the "Palace"

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Billie Burke at home

Who is appearing at the end of this month at the Palace Theatre. Miss Billie Burke's greatest successes on the stage have been in the Coliseum Revue and in *The Blue Moon*, while one of her greatest successes off it was her inheritance of a fortune of £7,000 from a recently deceased American uncle

(Continued from page 544)

as big a man as His Grace of Dewsbury. Therefore, when it became known in the faithful city on Thursday morning that the distinguished prelate was prostrate with influenza, in the touching words of the local Press, consternation prevailed. There was nothing for it but to adjourn the consecration of the new church, so that Devereux found himself with time on his hands, and nothing to do but to wait till the next train for town. It was past nine o'clock before he reached the Metropolis, it was past ten before he arrived at Curzon Gardens. It would be a pleasant surprise for his wife, he told himself; probably by this time she had got over her nervous trouble, and would be exceedingly pleased to see him. He glanced up at the windows of the flat and noticed with some surprise that they were all brilliantly lighted. Well, women were proverbially fickle and liable to change their minds, Devereux told himself indulgently. Besides, he was not altogether insensible to the pangs of hunger, and if outward appearances were anything to go by, there was every probability of his being enabled to indulge in one of those dainty little meals which are so loved.

He crept quietly up the stairs and let himself in with his latchkey. A burst of laughter seemed to shake the flat, and just for a moment it occurred to William Devereux that he had entered the wrong suite of rooms. The laughter was all very well in its way; indeed, laughter had the benign patronage of the Apostles, but surely not loud, strident mirth like that. This was the sternutation of the music-halls—raucous laughter which Devereux associated with Bank Holidays and the aftermath of club feasts. The noise came again with increased violence, and once more the Rev. William looked around him to see if he had made any mistake. But, no; there was his cassock and his latest monstrosity in the way of shovel hats; a pile of letters addressed to himself stood on the hall table. The dazed master of the flat began to wonder if he had not struck something fresh in the way of Society amusements. There was only one way to discover whether he was right or wrong, and he took it without further hesitation. He opened the dining-room door and walked in. It was an exhilarating scene.

In the first place, all the delicate rose-shaded lamps had been removed from the electrics, there was not a flower to be seen, though, usually, Mrs. William Devereux prided herself upon her floral decorations. More than that, there was a coarse, white cloth on the table, upon which stood an enormous pile of oyster-shells, tastefully flanked with bottles of stout and piles of bread and butter. The whole room reeked of coarse tobacco, a big red-faced man standing by the sideboard was opening oysters with great dexterity. By the fireplace stood Amaryllis arrayed in the short skirts of a ballet dancer, half a dozen *coryphées* in full warpaint and powder completed the party. Even then, in the moment of his divinest despair, Devereux was thankful to notice that only the one man was present. He stood there just a moment until his wife caught his eye, then she went off into a long shriek of laughter.

There was nothing hysterical about her mirth, none of the wild remorse that follows detection of guilt, her laughter was both hearty and spontaneous. She was the same, yet not the same. Amaryllis of Mayfair had vanished, and in her place there stood the form and fashion of the ballet girl in all her frank and native vulgarity.

"Well, this is a fair knock-out," she said. "Who on earth expected to see you back like this? But you look tired, my dear old boy. Sit down and Bert shall open you some oysters."

Devereux could only gasp like a fish out of water. Amy was taking him back now to the free, untrammelled undergraduate days, when he also had partaken of oysters and stout in company with sundry pearls of the ballet.

"I really must protest," he began. "I was never so shocked and grieved in my life. Such a terrible blow as this! Perhaps you can explain. If this is a kind of theatrical Salvation Army, I might excuse it. But the presence of that man there, the gentleman who seems to be so expert with the use of the oyster-knife, makes it absolutely impossible——"

"Come here, this moment, Bert," Mrs. Devereux cried. "Come and be introduced to my husband. My dear Will, this is my old friend, Bert Davis, the best-known ready-money bookmaker in England."

The Rev. William Devereux moved forward as if under hypnotic influence. He found his slim, white hand gathered in a hard and painful grasp, he found himself contemplating a mountain of red and purple flesh encased in one of the loudest and most exasperating suits of tweed it had ever been his lot to see. He had a dim recollection of having seen this man somewhere before.

"We are old friends, if you only knew it," Davis said, in a rich, oily voice. "I always told Amy that the thing would come out sooner or later. But you are looking a little off colour, my lad. A couple of dozen of those oysters and a bottle of stout will put you as right as a trivet."

"And these other ladies?" Devereux asked faintly. "Are they—er—friends of my youth also?"

Mrs. Devereux laughed sweetly.

"Oh, never mind about them," she said. "They are old friends of mine, who will be quite prepared to take you as they find you. Besides, it is too much trouble to introduce you. Don't you think that, for once in a way, you had better make the best of it? My maid alone is in the secret, and I can rely upon her discretion. The other servants will not be back till the morning. Do sit down and make yourself absolutely at home."

"I couldn't do it," Devereux groaned; "I really couldn't. I am aghast, I am indignant, outraged—my duty is plain before me. It is impossible for a clergyman in my position to continue to live——"

"Not quite so fast," Mrs. Devereux replied. Her sweetly innocent face had grown hard for a moment. "I ask you to do nothing rash. Think of what people would say. For an extremely austere and pious man you have a remarkable number of enemies. Think of what the Archbishop would say when you came to explain things to him!"

Devereux dropped into a chair and groaned audibly. Explanation was out of the question, no one would possibly believe him. If once the thing got into the papers, his clerical career would be ruined, and, like

(Continued on page 548)

Marsworth's Versatile Vicar

THE REV. F. W. RAGG, WHO HAS, WITH HIS OWN HANDS, RESTORED AND REDECORATED HIS CHURCH

ONE OF MR. RAGG'S CORBELS (CARVED BY HIMSELF) AT MARSWORTH

THE CHURCH AT MARSWORTH, RESTORED AND BEAUTIFIED BY ITS OWN VICAR

INTERIOR OF THE CHANCEL, THE STONEWORK AND SCULPTURE OF WHICH IS THE WORK OF THE PASTOR HIMSELF

Photos Newman

THE REV. F. W. RAGG, PREACHER, SCULPTOR, AND ARCHITECT

Probably the most versatile vicar in England is the Rev. F. W. Ragg, of Marsworth, Bucks, who has, with his own hands, restored and embellished his parish church, toiling and working year in and year out for the past twenty-six years. The result is seen in the beautiful carved chancel, corbels, buttress, and oak screens. When he first began he had no knowledge of masonry, much less sculpture, and yet he has produced most beautiful work. But there are many other examples just as good, and much solid labour is hidden in buttress, wall, and pillar. The oak screens were carved by Mrs. Ragg, who also assisted her husband in making the fine reredos of Mosaic, of marbles brought from Italy by Lady Marion Alford. Feeling that he is no longer equal to the requirements of parish work, he has just resigned the incumbency, after twenty-six years' devoted labour.

(*Continued from page 545*)

most vain men, the Rev. William Devereux had the greatest horror of being pitied. He was unpleasantly conscious, too, that his wife's friends were laughing at him; indeed, one or two of them were frankly sincere in their mirth. There was only one thing to be done for the present, and that was to make the best of it. Later on, he would have the whole thing out with Amy; no doubt some way could be found out of the difficulty. But he would have to separate from his wife, there was no question about that. It would never do for the Rector of St. Jude's to be mixed up in a scandal of this kind.

"You sit down, my lad, and have some of those oysters," Mr. Davis said hospitably. "Let me open you a bottle of stout. Upon my word, you look as if you want it."

Devereux made no further protest. He yielded himself entirely into the hands of the foe. It was not the least use trying to cope with this amazing man and his coruscating diamonds. After all was said and done, the ordeal could not last much longer. It was approaching twelve o'clock now, and the skeleton of the feast was not without its marked effect upon the gaiety of nations. One small, blue-eyed woman pitched her cigarette into the fireplace, and decided that it was time to go. A sudden silence fell upon the party, and even Mr. Davis forgot to whistle. He had a whistle of peculiar flavour and strength, reminiscent with the days when he had been a drover and acquainted with the habits of predatory cattle.

"What must be, must," he said philosophically. "And mind you don't make a noise going down the stairs, girls. Remember that that was part of the bargain. I daresay we can get a cab or two at the corner of the street. Good-night, Devereux. What! Ain't you going to shake hands? Well, perhaps it is natural in the circumstances. But, mind you, my boy, you would never be in your present prosperous position if it hadn't been for old Bert Davis, the bookmaker, and don't you forget it."

With this cryptic utterance Davis perched an aggressive bowler hat on the side of his head and swaggered from the room. A moment later husband and wife were alone together.

. . . . . .

Devereux crossed the room and threw up all the windows. In a hollow voice he demanded that all signs of the orgie should be cleared away, and that the apartment might be restored to its usual state of immaculate complacency.

"I hope to find everything as it should be when I return from my room," he said, "and you will please oblige me by getting rid of that disgracefully short skirt of yours. I suppose it will not be too much to ask for an explanation of your most disgraceful conduct?"

"Oh, that will be all right," Amy said demurely. "My dear boy, did it never strike you that you are somewhat of a prig? I suppose you are deluding yourself with the idea that you are bearing a trying situation with truly Christian resignation."

The thing was so obvious in Devereux's mind that he made no response. That he was behaving perfectly correctly he did not doubt for a moment. There was a witness-box air about him that filled his wife with inward laughter. In the same strain of melancholy philosophy Devereux was regretting that he could detect no sign of a return to grace in his wife's manner. She was absolutely cool and perfectly at ease; her blue eyes danced with mischief.

Moreover, by the time Devereux had returned from his bedroom, all signs of the fray had vanished. There were the pink shades on the electrics, the dainty flowers on the table, and not the least dainty flower of them all was the little figure in the dead white dress reclining in a big armchair before the fire. Devereux stood with his back to the same blaze, poised in his best pulpit attitude.

"Now, if you will be good enough," he suggested.

"Not if you adopt that attitude," Mrs. Devereux said, with sweet severity. "Oh, of course, I quite recognise that you are entitled to an explanation. You are wondering where I picked those people up. As a matter of fact, they are very old friends of mine. But it will be news to you, that, up to the time I was nearly seventeen, I was brought up in *the* profession. My mother was on the stage, and so was my father. I don't suppose I should ever have turned my back upon it but for the fact that I had a bad illness, and I was ordered a year's complete rest."

"Stop a moment," Devereux cried. "We are getting on a little too fast. Do you mean to tell me that you are not a close connection of Mrs. St. Aubyn's? Do you mean to tell me that you have never been brought up in a Convent Scoool in France? Am I to understand that your fresh, innocent manner, which has—er—made you so many friends, so many useful friends——?"

"You have not found them without their uses," Amy Devereux said sweetly. "We will go into that later on. I am not a relation of Mrs. St. Aubyn's, I had never set eyes on that lady till my first visit to St. Aubyn's Towers."

"How did it happen?" Devereux asked, helplessly.

"Well, you see, it was all arranged by my flamboyant friend, Mr. Bert Davis. Mind you, the man is uncouth enough, he is what one calls a rough diamond, but he has a heart of gold. When he found out that I was so ill, he took a warm, personal interest in my case. I told him the doctor's orders were that I should go and live in the country for a whole year. Seeing that my salary was less than thirty shillings a week, and that I had not saved a penny, they might just as well have ordered me a voyage round the world. I told Mr. Davis all about it, and he promised to arrange everything, which he subsequently did. The next thing I knew was that I was down at St. Aubyn's Towers, living on the fat of the land, with no expense to myself. Mrs. St. Aubyn used to say that, after the first fortnight, I was Amaryllis, unspotted from the world, to the life. It was a most delightful time, and I shall never forget it."

"I begin to understand," Devereux said, slowly. "It seems to me that my distinguished relative is wasting her talents down at St. Aubyn's Towers. The woman is, evidently, a born playwright. I suppose she found her first experiment so successful that she decided to go one better. I presume I ought to be flattered, seeing that she chose me for the part of juvenile lead to your heroine. Had she any difficulty in persuading you to marry me?"

(*Continued on page 550*)

The Chamonix of Wales

Photo] **The Falls of Llanberis** [*Reuter*

Situated at the foot of Snowdon, Llanberis is the favourite starting place for the ascent of the mountain. The famous Llanberis Pass passes through miles of wild and rugged scenery, but Llanberis itself possesses one of the most picturesque fairy glens and waterfalls to be seen among the many beautiful glens of Wales

(Continued from page 548)

Once more Mrs. Devereux laughed aloud.

"How transparent you are," she exclaimed. "Now be honest, and tell me precisely why you asked me to become your wife. Mind you, I had no objection myself, because, when I came to study you, I saw that there was a fine field for my peculiar talents. I love intrigue; I understand it to my finger-tips. The next act in the comedy was to make you a bishop. If you only go on as you are going on now and maintain that prim, starched, saint attitude of yours, I shall succeed beyond all question. But I am by no means blind, you know, to your side of the question. Till I came along, you naturally regarded yourself as Mrs. St. Aubyn's favourite relation. In the elegant metaphor of the day, there was every prospect of my putting your nose out of joint. Then the obvious way out of the difficulty occurred to you. Why shouldn't you marry me? And you did."

"I admit that," Devereux stammered. "But I should like to know where your friend Mr. Davis comes in. How does he contrive, for instance, to have any kind of influence over a rich woman like—er—Mrs. St. Aubyn?"

"Mrs. St. Aubyn is not a rich woman at all," Amy said coolly. "As a matter of fact, she hasn't a penny piece beyond her income. Her husband gambled pretty well everything away, and when he died there was every prospect of his widow, Mrs. St. Aubyn, having to dispose of the property which was, and is, mortgaged up to the hilt. But you see, she happened to have a fine sporting instinct, and is one of the best judges of a horse that I know. At the time I am speaking of there was a helper in the stables at St. Aubyn's who amused himself in his spare time by making a book amongst his fellow-servants. He was so shrewd and quick at this, that he attracted his mistress's attention. To make a long story short, Mrs. St. Aubyn scraped together a few hundred pounds and started her stable helper as a full-blown bookmaker. He is now one of the most prosperous men in England in his particular line. Is there any need for me to mention his name, or can't you guess it?"

"You don't mean to say that you are alluding to your friend Mr. Davis?"

"Nobody else," Amy laughed gaily. "Mind you, I found this all out for myself. Those two are partners, they share a fine income between them. What do you think of that for a story for the gossips? The proud and haughty Mrs. St. Aubyn, of St. Aubyn's Towers, hand in hand with old Bert Davis, the bookmaker? Oh, you needn't stare like that; it is perfectly true. And after all said and done, it is no worse than a countess keeping a bonnet shop, or a baronet selling cheap sherry on commission. But I should advise you not to mention this to anybody, least of all to your *relative*, Mrs. St. Aubyn."

Devereux grinned uneasily as he noticed the emphasis.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Well, you know that you are no relation whatever to Mrs. St. Aubyn; I know that she took you up years ago, just as she held out a helping hand to me. To be absolutely honest and truthful, do you really know who you are?"

"Not precisely," Devereux stammered. "You see, it is like this—as far as I could gather, I was the son of an old friend of Mrs. St. Aubyn, who had fallen on evil days. She sent me to Eton and Oxford, and permitted me to use her family name. She seemed to think it would be a considerable advantage to me in after-life, and I am bound to confess that it has been. But who I really am, or where I originally came from, honestly I don't know. As you are so particularly clever, perhaps you can tell me?"

"Oh, yes," Amy laughed demurely. "You are the esteemed and popular Rector of St. Jude's, and I am your devoted and loving wife. That is quite good enough for a man in the street, isn't it? As long as you act discreetly, the fiction of it can be kept up to the end, and no one will be a penny the wiser. But, really, you are the son of a sporting publican in Lambeth, who helped Mrs. St. Aubyn and her partner out of a tight place in the early days of the concern, after a particularly disastrous day at Lincoln. Mr. Davis and our patroness have never forgotten it, hence your pronounced Oxford stamp and the peculiar whiteness of your pulpit hand. We can humbug other people, my dear boy, but there is not the slightest reason why we should humbug ourselves. As far as I am concerned, I am sure that I shall enjoy it."

Devereux coughed somewhat dubiously.

"It might be possible," he said. "I am not going to deny the fact that you have been exceedingly useful to me, but after to-night's experience one has one's doubts. Now what possessed you to embark upon such an extraordinary escapade as that? What guarantee can you give me that these—er—erratic friends of yours will not be dropping in here at all sorts of odd times?"

"You need not be afraid of that," Amy laughed. "They are all as true as steel, and will never give me away. I was simply bound to do it to-night. I might have managed to restrain myself, but when I thought of the ordeal before me in the way of the Archbishop——"

"The Archbishop!" Devereux cried. "How?"

"Well, it is like this, Billy. You see, the same as all people who possess the artistic temperament, I have nerves, and, frankly, I detest that Archbishop of yours. He is so smug, so dreadfully insincere. If I had met him in the ordinary way to-morrow, I might have broken down—I might have had a sudden attack of candour—I might even have pulled his nose. I took advantge of your absence to-day to be my natural self, and now that I have worked off my superfluous energy I shall meet your primate to-morrow with all the demureness of a quaker maiden who has just stepped out of the pages of one of Nathaniel Hawthorne's novels. You leave it to me, Billy. You put up with my little weaknesses and I'll put up with yours. And if I don't make a bishop of you within the next ten years, then my name isn't Amy Devereux."

"In point of fact," Devereux smiled, "it isn't."

"That is one to you," Army laughed. "And now let us be serious. Sit down there and take this paper and pencil and help me to draw up the menu for to-morrow's feast. If I am any judge, your Archbishop is not indifferent to a good dinner."

FRED M. WHITE.

"Bystander Everywhere" Competition

(*Full particulars of this Competition, the scope of which has been considerably extended, will be found on page* xii.)

"The Bystander" at Spitzbergen

Taken by Dr. Wingate Saul, S.Y. *Vectis*, who says: "This photograph was taken at Recherche Bay, Spitzbergen, and depicts one of the officers of the P. and O. steam yacht *Vectis* reading your paper. The *Vectis* made a trip to the Arctic circle during the hot weather, and was well patronised by those wishing to escape the heat"

"The Bystander" at Harrogate

This is the first photograph to gain a prize under the extended conditions of our "Bystander Abroad" Competition, by which photographs taken in interesting and unique spots in the United Kingdom are also eligible. The sender, Mr. E. P. B. Brockwell, 76, Station Parade, Harrogate, writes: "The Harrogate season is now at its height, and the picture was taken at the old sulphur well in the early morning, and shows some of the visitors taking their first 'twenty-four ounces'"

"The Bystander" on Lake Lugano

Sent by Cavr. Achille Brotti, Maggiori di Fanteria, Osteno, Provincia di Como, Italy, who writes: "This photograph was taken at Osteno, Lake Lugano, Italy, by myself, and shows how much your paper is appreciated in Italian families. Boats of this shape are peculiar to the Italian lakes"

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books to Order this Week

"Autobiography of Robert Standish Sievier." (The *Winning Post* Office, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.)
"A Rogue's Tragedy." By Bernard Capes. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"The Cult of the Blood." By Robert Hichens. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"Stories of Strange Women." By J. Y. F. Cooke. (Long: 6*s.*)
"Hope, My Wife." By L. G. Moberly. (Ward Lock: 6*s.*)
"The Woman's Victory," etc. By Maarten-Maartens. (Constable: 6*s.*)

Mr. Sievier's Chequered Career

"I was born," begins the *Autobiography of Robert Standish Sievier*, "in a hansom cab, and have been going on ever since." One is tempted, after reading his book, to condole with Mr. Sievier that Fate had not made it a "growler," but, at the same time, to rejoice with him that it spared him from a motor. For had his career adjusted its pace to that of the slower vehicle, how much more pleasantly placed might its author have found itself at this, its meridian! If, on the other hand, it had been accelerated—well, there surely could have survived no Robert Standish Sievier to-day to tell its interesting tale. The book, from beginning to end, seems to emphasise the fact that even the gambler's game has its rules, and Mr. Sievier's plea for himself is that he has "played the game" throughout. Beginning his career on the stage, on his twenty-first birthday he embarked on a racing career. He tells amusing stories of his early days in the profession, at a time when "getting on the stage was not the same thing as going on to-day. Hard, grinding work was in front of the young aspirant in those days, whereas now a man is acclaimed an actor as if by magic"; and then passes to a detailed relation of his career, first as a bookmaker (Sutton) of world-wide activities, then as a racehorse-owner, whose successes culminated in the triumph of Sceptre in a year which brought him a profit of £56,235, and lastly, as a litigant, willing and unwilling, before His Majesty's Courts. It is because of the public interest in his last rôle that he has, I suppose, considered himself justified in writing an "Autobiography." The admittedly unjust and gratuitous prosecution of Mr. Sievier by the Treasury in 1904, after the failure of his libel action against Sir James Duke, did much to gain him sympathy, which a perusal of the present book will do much to increase. For, supposing that one admits, with Mr. Sievier, that a gambler may be a perfectly honourable man, that "there are as many honourable men who gamble as there are in any other walk of life," the career of "Bob Sievier" reads as a perfectly clean transaction. He certainly makes out a powerful reply to those enemies who would seem to have so maliciously dogged his steps. That, however, is a matter of controversy which little concerns the reviewer. From my point of view, the Autobiography is immensely readable. It is full of anecdote: it is a glittering record of the inner sporting world of the late Victorian era; and, lastly, it is written with a full sense of interesting the reader, and is full of a certain worldly wisdom, with occasional touches of epigrammatic description, as, for instance, the following paragraph, which precedes the narration of Mr. Sievier's Australian experiences, where his earlier successes on the Turf outdistanced all rivals:—

Mr. "Bob" Sievier

Whose autobiography, now published in book form by the proprietors of the *Winning Post*, is a most interesting picture of the life of the racing man of modern times

(*Reproduced by kind permission of the proprietors of the "Winning Post"*)

> Australia! In this hemisphere of topsy-turveydom — where the aboriginal is black, where the trees shed their bark and not their leaves; where the gean grows tasteless, with its stone outside the fruit; where the native pear ripens into a pendulous pod of wood; where the marsupial kangaroo fosters her young in her pouch . . . where foxes fly as bats by night; where the birds have no song; where the rivers are destitute of water; where all things indigenous are inverted—a traveller may expect to encounter impediments of all kinds.

Some Opinions on India

A description of the familiar voyage on a P. and O. liner to India, as it strikes a man not on service bent, and with free, open eye, should have been a distinct acquisition, but this is not exactly what Mr. S. Parnell Kerr offers in *From Charing Cross to Delhi* (Unwin). We are, throughout, more conscious of his personality and his opinions than it is quite necessary for our comfort that we should be. Here and there, in his voyage out, he seems to have observed something definite (mostly observed many times before by many other people), but the object of the volume appears to be

to convince you that, in spite of all temptations to be carried away into Kiplingese by the appeal of the East, Mr. Kerr, canny Scotsman and Templar that he is, remains—a little Englander. That is, no doubt, an admirable thing to be, and probably there really is a lot to be said against Jingoism, and flag-waving, and soldier-men, and bureaucratic rule, and the rest of it, but is it quite worth while to plod through a massive volume just to learn that Mr. Kerr belongs to this particular political set? I do not say the book, as a whole, is without value. With a sort of consciousness that his opinions and his conversations are not exactly all that a reader of a book on India expects, he sandwiches in between his "light" chapters solid records of severe facts. There is one on the supposed route taken by Moses and the Israelites in the world's first great Egyptian tour, some solid information given in chapters about Aden, Bombay, the Taj Mahal, etc., which are doubtless accurate, and possibly useful. He also tells us what he thinks about the Mutiny, and is at great pains to prove that it was the "Tommies" and not the officers who really won it, etc., etc., in the well-known strain; he sneers at the Durbar ("to us a thing of small importance!"), and he concludes with a chapter of the "things one does not see." These latter, however, seem to be so numerous and important that I am rather inclined to regret that Mr. Kerr did not make the whole book out of them. This, I am sure, he could have done quite cleverly in London (or Glasgow) without the trouble and vexation which the voyage East must have been to a writer of his eminently homely sympathies.

Photo *Salmon*

Mr. Bernard Capes

Whose new historical novel, "A Rogue's Tragedy" (Methuen: 6*s.*), is just published

"The Wickhamses"

I suppose the extreme fidelity of Mr. Pett Ridge's latest story of commonplace lower middle-class life, *The Wickhamses* (Methuen: 6*s.*), and the entire absence of anything lurid and melodramatic in this character-study of the members of an Islington family, ought to be praised. We all pretend to be deeply interested in "real life," provided always it is particularly drab and dreary, that the characters drop their "h's" consistently, and that the infantile element is well enough to the fore. People who never on any account go East of the Bank, and whose direst experience of life's hardships is a meal at an A.B.C. shop, affect an intense interest in the "seamy side" when served up in literary form, and these people will, no doubt, find much to gratify them in *The Wickhamses*. Being, myself, no lover of the drear and drab in literature or art, I am outside Mr. Ridge's tabernacle.

"A Rogue's Tragedy"—and its Author's

It is with a sigh of relief that I pass from a story of mean streets and their occupants to a romance of the *genus* "sword and cape"—or rather Capes, for it is the writer of that name (forename Bernard) who, in *A Rogue's Tragedy* (Methuen: 6*s.*), hurls me back to the Court of Sardinia in a story of gallantry and love dated 1783, which hovers round the palaces and pothouses of Turin. There is the fair young Yolande de France forced into a marriage with the scoundrelly old Count di Rocco; her real lover outside, the young, handsome, *spirituel* Saint-Peray, and the rogue Cartouche (a sort of subtle Carton)—materials, indeed, for a vigorous romance. But the author has a fault which he is not alone in possessing among modern historical romancists—a somewhat too energetic flow of words. Forgetting that simple phraseology and straightforward narrative have been the secret of perpetuity in the cases of the great romancists, from Scott downwards, he is apt at times to drown his issues in wordy waterspouts. To illustrate Mr. Capes's tendency to affectation and straining for individuality, I need do no more than cite his coining of such adverbs as "politicly" and "ghastlily." If the brilliant author, in his next historical novel, will give us a little more story and a little less Capes, he will satisfy the public, even if he fails to satisfy his own self-esteem. For there is no question of his ability, if he preserves it from being obscured by unnecessary mannerisms.

Strange Women

Mr. J. Y. F. Cooke is obviously an amateur writer, but in his *Stories of Strange Women* (John Long: 6*s.*) he shows courage. The ladies about whom he writes are "strange women" in the sense of the term employed by Scripture—they have, mostly, strayed somewhere and somehow from the paths of virtue. Very interesting people, too, if written about with due taste and sincerity. These qualities Mr. Cooke possesses. He likes to reveal the finer human qualities which lurk in the "strange women" of London flatland, and his object is to be ideal rather than real. He writes simply and honestly in the spirit of the blunt narrator of things seen, and this quality atones for a certain roughness and slanginess of style. There is nothing in the stories, despite their "strangeness," to shock modest susceptibilities.

VIVIAN CARTER.

Famous Lawn-Tennis Brothers

By A. WALLIS MYERS

Although lawn tennis can scarcely boast thirty years as a popular pastime, nevertheless in its short life it has produced several pairs of celebrated brothers. Indeed, its preference for bestowing honours on the members of the same family rather than on "only sons" or "only daughters" has been so strikingly demonstrated that at periodical intervals necessity has had to introduce twins into the galaxy of talent in order that a pair of equally strong twins may bear the deluge of laurels.

The Renshaw Twins

The brothers Renshaw come first to mind. Their name will ever remain honoured in the annals of the game, yet it is surprising how many players of the present generation are not aware that Ernest was the twin of William. Somehow, they associate greater fame with greater age, and William generally gets the credit for being the elder of the two. In one sense, the great pioneers of lawn tennis were always younger than they actually were — they were the life and joy of every tournament they patronised. No tyro, struggling to glean the secrets of success, ever approached either brother without receiving a sympathetic hearing and kindly advice. Sportsmen of the very best type they were, too, and they drew the public with almost magic power. As one of their contemporaries has said, "There was something in their style of play, easy, graceful, and yet strenuous enough when occasion demanded; something in their handsome, bronzed faces and well-knit figures, something in their neat 'turn-out,' something, in short, in their whole personality, which appealed irresistibly to the onlookers, and caused them to rush helter-skelter across the courts in pursuit of their favourites." Alas, that two such brilliant masters of the game should have passed away in the prime of life!

The "Baddeley Boys"

Of a very different mould are the Baddeley twins, whom the claims of business have now garbed in prosaic frock-coats and tall hats, and removed to the sedate atmosphere of City usefulness, with only an occasional glimpse at a tennis net. Wilfred and Herbert Baddeley are so small in stature that one of the wide-girthed Allen twins could probably cover both of them. So juvenile did they appear in a court at the beginning of their career — they were known invariably then as the "Baddeley boys"—that, when the powerful six-foot H. S. Barlow was once serving to them, a lady spectator called out to a companion, "That fierce man is going to knock those little boys over." The great secret of the twins' success lay, first, in their marvellous activity; secondly, in their combination — so faultless that one man might have been playing every stroke; and, thirdly, in their capacity never to miss an easy shot.

The Allens and Dohertys

What a contrast the Allens are in every respect to the Baddeleys! As players, they were once nearly, if not quite, as good as the Bromley brothers, and they have beaten, at one time or another, every pair of renown. But they never won the Doubles Championship. This was more for want of trying than for any lack of talent, which would have brought them the title. Though they are nearly on the wrong side of forty, the Allens appear to be "good" for at least another five years. After that, they should find regular employment as amateur umpires; for the court must not lose them for many a year. Who will be the next pair of brothers to hoist their flag when the Dohertys retire from the fray? That is the question which a good many players would like answered. It is a matter for the gods—and a rich father.

A back-view of some famous brothers of the racket

DRAWN BY CHARLES AMBROSE

LAWN TENNIS PHRASE (ILLUSTRATED—III.:

"OUR VANTAGE!"

DRAWN BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Putting

Putting is said to be an inspiration; it is much more often a grievous calamity. Nothing can well be more exasperating to the golfer than that he should be playing every department of the game in brilliant style and yet be putting execrably. He may be getting his ball on the green in the least possible number of strokes; visions of a marvellous score dance before his heated imagination, and in fancy he slays Bogey and all records with ridiculous ease. Then comes the putt, apparently simple and comparatively short, which is to crown the edifice of his game. Instead of laying the ball dead, or even within ordinary putting distance, he is either lamentably short or out of range beyond the hole. And so from hole to hole the disastrous story is continued; perfect golf till the green is reached, and then despair and cursing lamentation.

"Condolences"

To speciously sympathising friends in the club-house he explains at voluble length, with heated and emphatic expression, how easily he ought to have reduced the record of the green, if only he could have putted with even moderate decency. Then, after drowning his sorrows in some liquid Lethe, he hastens off to his favourite club-maker, produces the offending putter, and viciously exclaims that he cannot "putt for nuts" with it, and anxiously requests that all the latest varieties of putting weapons may be showed to him. Later, in the advancing twilight, a pathetic figure may be descried on some secluded green practising with a dozen balls and nearly as many putters. A veil had better be drawn over the gruesome scene.

Eventual Success

This much may be asseverated with a fair amount of certainty, that after a brief and sometimes brilliant interlude with some new and generally fantastic putter, our agonised friend will slowly, but surely, revert to his previously painful ineptitude, until one fine day, with joy and relief, he discards his new-fangled but treacherous ally, and reverts to his old and temporarily discarded friend. Peace may then once more reign supreme, and putter and player again form a good fighting alliance. How many of us have gone through the vicissitudes I have above endeavoured to describe? Too many, alas, to make the counting of our numbers anything but a grievous burden. I know nothing more exasperating and humiliating than to fail consistently and egregiously in putting.

Scant Comfort

It is no comfort to sufferers like myself and countless others to know that even the mightiest potentates of golf have been afflicted in like manner. What boots it to reflect that even great men like Harry Vardon have been known to play like angels till they reached the putting green, and then to tremble like nervous children when it came to the crucial moment of putting. In our case we cannot rely upon the angelic performance till the green is reached, and have to suffer the added bitterness of shocking putting superimposed on indifferent play through the course. Having gone through an extended and most painful course of sinful putting, and having tried every remedy possible, not only change of putters, but of balls and of stance, I can speak feelingly on the subject of what I am now tempted to call the devilish art of putting.

My Own Case

In years gone by I rather plumed myself on being a good putter, and could not understand the lamentations of those who declaimed about the difficulties of a seemingly simple department of the game. But one fine day I took to thinking about the matter, read some accursed treatises, tried some new stances, experimented in a dozen different ways until I could no longer putt in my original or indeed in any other manner whatever. So I have had to live from hand to mouth, as it were, finding now and then, in the arid desert of my horrible putting, some temporary oasis of position or putter which gave me an illusory but, alas, only temporary confidence. I have tried crouching, standing upright, square, or sidewise to the hole, with the ball in front, midway, or outside the right foot. I have sought out every possible position, every grip of the putter, long grip, short grip, overlapping grip, thumb grip, till my brain has reeled, while my putting steadily deteriorated.

The Only Successful Position

At last I came to the conclusion that no position or grip could be right which was uncomfortable, and so I took my courage in two hands and stood in a perfectly natural position, and held my club in a manner at once convenient and comfortable. So far, things have begun to mend. Confidence is returning, though, of course, the haunting fear of past misdeeds occasionally supervenes to my undoing. Out of all this putting misery I have extracted this truth — that putting must be occasionally practised, but that a good putter, as he values his peace of mind, must never let temporary faults of putting tempt him into change of grip or stance. Both these must be natural and easy—the fault comes not from them, but from some loss of steadiness of eye or touch which will right itself in time. A change of putter occasionally may work wonders, but even this remedy has its dangers. Better by far go through the valley of shadow with the old friend.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

A Golfer's Coming-of-Age

Lord Maidstone celebrates his majority at Sleaford

Lord Maidstone is the eldest son of the Earl of Winchilsea (standing at the left of the photograph). Both he and his father are great golfers, the latter being President of the Harlech Golf Club. There is a large gathering being held at Haverholme Priory, near Sleaford, to celebrate the event

GAMES AND PASTIMES

Harvard v. Cambridge

The great race between the two Cambridges is over, and for the second time Harvard have been forced to strike their colours to an English University. That the better crew won there is not a shadow of doubt, and were the race rowed a dozen times under similar conditions to those that prevailed on Saturday, the Light Blues would finish first every time. But Harvard may console themselves with the fact that they were beaten by a really first-rate crew, whose merits have, perhaps, never till now been quite fully recognised. This year's Cambridge crew, though, of course, not up to the standard of their great crew of 1900, or to that of some of the Oxford crews in the 'nineties, is still one of the best turned out during recent years from either University. During the early stages of their practice for the boat race this year, their chances were not greatly favoured by critics owing largely to their style, which is somewhat unorthodox, according to English ideas, but all criticism on this point has since been disarmed, for in the race against Oxford, whatever their style might be, there was no doubt about either their pace or staying power. The inclusion of Close-Brooks and Baynes for Cochrane and E. W. Powell has not in any way detracted from this, and the combination which did battle for Cambridge on Saturday was, if anything, better than the crew which defeated Oxford. But Americans have, one and all, pinned their faith to Harvard all the way through the weeks of practice, and their opinions have coincided with those of many English experts. They have pointed to the splendid times done by the Harvard crew over the Putney course, and especially to their wonderful performance a week before the race, when they went over in 18 min. 50 sec., a time which is only 3 sec. outside the record for the 'Varsity Boat Race, and even before they accomplished this, there was at least one old Oxford Blue who stuck to it that they would win. In the absence of other tests, times are the only guide one has, and certainly they mean a lot, so it may be said that the supporters of Harvard were justified in expecting to see their crew, if not win, at least put up a great race. How, then, can we account for Cambridge's runaway victory? Putting aside the fact that Harvard cannot have

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

A Croquet Champion

Mr. G. H. Woolston, the winner of the tournament for the Champion Cup. He won fourteen out of eighteen games during the course of the contest at Roehampton last week

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Croquet Champions at Roehampton: The ultimate winner of the Champion Cup was Mr. G. H. Woolston

At Roehampton last week, the Champion Cup was won by G. H. Woolston, who has twice before—in 1902 and 1903—earned the same distinction. C. Corbally was second, with thirteen; C. L. O'Callaghan third, with twelve; and R. C. J. Beaton and E. A. S. Fawcett fourth, with eleven each. Reading from left to right, the names are:—(*Standing*) H. Corbally, C. L. O'Callaghan, C. D. Locock, C. E. Willis, M. Barry, E. A. S. Fawcett; (*Sitting*) C. Corbally, G. H. Woolston, Miss N. E. Coate, R. C. J. Beaton

rowed up to their proper form, the secret is this, that Cambridge were a fine racing crew. Harvard were not. It is a well-known fact, and one that has been proved over and over again, that a crew which can do fast times is liable to fail against competition other than that of the clock. A crew that is not affected in this way is, of course, the best racing crew, and Cambridge was just such a crew. Harvard were known to show at their best when rowing 32; when called on to spurt, they generally failed, the increase of pace they got out of their boat being quite out of proportion to the extra energy expended. Stuart, the Cambridge stroke, knew this, and I fancy he realised that if once he could get a fair lead he would be able to stave off any efforts by his opponents to catch him. So it turned out. Harvard, were beaten on Saturday by sound judgment as well as by superiority of style. It is interesting to compare last Saturday's contest with the great race of 1869, for though that struggle was of an entirely different character, yet it resembled Saturday's race in this way, that it was largely won by the generalship of the Oxford stroke. In 1869 Darbishire, who was stroking the famous Oxford quartette, knew that Harvard had the pace of him, and so never attempted to dispute their lead at the start; for two miles he allowed the Americans to lead him, and not until Chiswick did he come up to them; then ensued a desperate struggle for supremacy; but their own terrific pace had been too much for the Americans, and Oxford's waiting tactics were rewarded with an easy victory. Last Saturday, Stuart had a different problem to face. It was not danger of being cut down at the start that he had to fear, but rather the acknowledged pace and great staying power of his opponents over the whole of the course. How he faced this problem, and how the Americans were outclassed from the first stroke to the last, is now a matter of history. The race itself calls for but little comment. Cambridge got away to a better start, striking 11—20—38 to Harvard's 10—19—39, and the Light Blues immediately showed in front. Opposite the Thames Rowing Club they were leading by three-quarters of a length, and this was increased to two lengths at Hammersmith. Coming under Hammersmith Bridge in perfect form, they were a treat to watch, their tremendous finish being the most noticeable feature. Moreover, they all seemed to be rowing well within themselves, and there were no signs of distress. Harvard followed in their wake, rowing, too, in a most taking fashion, but without the strong finish of the Cantabs, and with just a slight hang over the stretchers. At this point, Filley was striking 33 to Stuart's 32, and there seemed no great desire on the part of the former to quicken up. One began to wonder when he was going to make his effort to reduce the distance between the boats, but for some reason the expected spurt never came until too late, and Cambridge maintained their lead with the greatest ease, without ever being bustled. Barnes Bridge was reached by the leaders in 16 min. 3 sec., three lengths separating the crews, and from there they paddled home at a reduced rate of stroke, not wishing to smother gallant rivals, so that at the finish two lengths only separated the boats, the official time being 19 min. 16 sec.

The South London Harriers at the Oval: The Three-Mile Open Handicap

Though the Harvard Boat Race proved a counter attraction, there was a large crowd at the Oval at the South London Harriers' Autumn Meeting. There were eighty-four starters for the Three-Mile Handicap, which was won by W. Coales in just under 15 min.

Lady Flo on Circuit

(Paragraphs extracted from Her Ladyship's Correspondence while on Country Visits)

By B. MACDONALD HASTINGS

III.—THE MARRIAGE BROKER

Do you remember Flaherty, *the* Flaherty, that heavy-going Irishman with the modest income and the ten immodest children? Poor Lady Mary, who was Miss Flaherty's sister, had to take care of the three youngest girls after the parents' death, and she has had terrible trouble with them. She has spent a lot of money over them, too. Two of them are disposed of, but there is still left the youngest, Decima. A fortnight ago I got the following amusing note from the poor woman:—

"Do you know a man, Flo, who would be likely to marry a sin-sprite in petticoats? She's a cross between a magpie and a squirrel, and I should think the squirrel's father was a monkey. She's red-lipped, black-haired, snow-teethed, and rather loose figured. She despises men, keeps a pet snake in her bedroom, and she hasn't got a farthing of her own. Of course I refer to my wretched little niece, Decima. I have long ago despaired of getting rid of her. You know how stony I am, Flo, but I'll give you fifty for an introduction, a hundred for an engagement, and make it up to four hundred on the wedding day. The girl is such a dreadful trial to me. I'll send some nice clothes along with her, and a tricky maid, but you'll have to dress her yourself, morning and evening. Help me out, dear girl, please."

The Arrival of Decima—

The description of the damsel rather tickled me, and to cut a long story short I got her here. She gave me her aunt's first cheque in the hall! Of course, the infant didn't know what it was for, but I saw at once that the prospect of any addition to the sum was rather remote. I rushed her up to her room before anyone saw her, and clawed her clothes off. Then, when her face was washed—she had been crying the best part of the journey at leaving the snake behind—I realised that she is really bewitchingly pretty. The maid looped her hair up sweetly, and threaded her into some dainty *dessous*, and I began to get positively jealous. Lady Mary had sent some nice frocks, and I got her into a white with a little blue spot, some pretty plaid stockings and buckled shoes, and touched her up with heather perfume.

And Her Reception

I paraded her first in the drawing-room before dinner, and Mackichan was only one of the five men who surrounded her. She was deplorably rude to every one of them, and Mackichan, who is a good-looking, slow-speaking dullard, was visibly impressed. Mr. Cumberland was apparently enchanted, and I wished the little wench at the bottom of the sea. At the dinner table she told Mrs. Bobby White that people only married to have something to sit at the other end, and to ride with his back to the horses alongside the nurse. The men led her on ecstatically. She told the Duchess that if you really loved a man he always caught the mumps or the measles, and Lord Stockwell swallowed something the wrong way. Mrs. Wake, who is a confirmed district visitor, asked her severely if she was interested in any works of charity, and was promptly told that only dyspeptic people were good.

The Morning Dip

At no less unearthly an hour than six o'clock did the child wake me up on the following morning. She demurely announced that she was going out for a swim in the ornamental lake, and suggested that I should accompany her! I did my best to persuade her of the wickedness of it, but there is a certain kind of nightdress which makes a moral lecture from the wearer sound ridiculous. When she had gone, I collected my thoughts and some appropriate clothing and went and tapped Mackichan's door.

When I had at last made him understand what was the matter, he got up and came down to the pond with me. There was not the slightest sign of the little wretch, and we searched right up to breakfast time. When we returned to the house, Decima was sitting with Mr. Cumberland on the terrace, and Mr. Cumberland looked at me so curiously. I hadn't even done my hair.

Proposals

Hardly a day passed but she froze my blood with some new escapade. I lost every atom of control over her costumes, and the wild cowboy clothes she wore only made the men more ecstatic. Three at least of them proposed, including Mackichan, Jack Bennett, and Lord Stockwell. The poor Scot apparently begged her to kiss him in the hall, otherwise her reply, screamed at the top of her voice so as to reach the ears of those sitting on the terrace, had no meaning. She told Jack that she had a husband already, only they were not going to live together until he had backed some winners. But poor Stockwell's experience was the worst of all. One night we were enjoying some music in the drawing-room (Mr. Cumberland was singing) when there was a piercing scream from the conservatory, followed by a burst of feminine laughter. We all surged out into the conservatory, and there was poor Stockwell, his features drawn and haggard, clutching convulsively at his hip. Decima lay back at the other end of the settee choking with laughter. It appears that just as he was about to unveil his passion, the imp drove a pin into him.

I packed her off to Lady Mary this afternoon, labelled "Hopeless."

A Woman's Note Book

SHOULD CHILDREN BE TOLD FAIRY TALES?

"History Repeats Itself"

If it is true that history repeats itself, it is still more noticeable that fashion turns up and confronts us again — modernised, of course, but faithfully enough to be easily recognisable. We do not only wear our great-grandmothers' hats, but their habits of mind, made up to date by complications, where with them all was simplicity. This fact is brought strikingly to my mind by the subject of fairy tales. A very little while ago there was a revolt from the fairy-tale method of youthful entertainment; to-day, there is a reaction in its favour as a means of education. Our forefathers told such stories to their children as a matter of course, to keep them amused and quiet; but there are no matters of course in these days, and our contemporaries recount them as a science, having thought the matter well out beforehand, and expecting great, almost extravagant, results from the recitations.

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

Mme. Patti

Whose approaching retirement from the stage after fifty years is now announced. However, the retirements of great singers are not to be taken too seriously, and we may expect to hear the voice of Patti again before long if precedent goes for anything

The Scientific Story-Teller

So, with this new faith has sprung up its exponents. I admit they have a case; even a strong one. The lives of children ought certainly to be full of bright, happy things, whereas, as a matter of fact, only too many are, either by some fault of their own or of ours, singularly colourless—I had almost said *blasé*. Again, the imagination should certainly be developed with the other faculties. And so the scientific story-teller has come into our midst, and we should all be ready to welcome her. Miss Marie Shedlock is the story-teller of the moment, and her "story matinée," which is to take place at the Chelsea Town Hall, on the 22nd of this month, will arouse interest not only among the youthful, but to an even greater extent in that circle where parents and teachers are responsible for the training of young minds. Miss Shedlock has just returned from America, where her talents were greeted with the greatest enthusiasm by her child friends, and we shall welcome her to London with that pleasure and interest which English people are always ready to grant to talent with a deep conviction behind it.

Unnatural Imagination

No one is more ready to admit than I am the educational value of story-telling; nevertheless, I pause a little doubtfully before the word "fairy." Why need it be there? While story-telling develops the imagination, and many other necessary qualities, the introduction of elements which are not merely wildly improbable, but absolutely impossible, seems to me to suggest imagination, not normally developed, but run riot. Nature and the world are fairy tales enough for the growing mind, and the substitution of tales of things which never can be for things which *are*, seems to put a slight upon the latter and rob them of half their wonders. The child who can get wild excitement of this unreal description will not care to inform itself about actual life, just as the girl who has accustomed herself to novelettes would refuse to study that mistress of human nature, George Eliot.

The Plea for Reality

Of course, I know the plea for fairy stories is the reality which underlies the best — as those of Hans Andersen. But children do not discover this: and far from agreeing that it comes to them easily and naturally with years, I think it is very hard to have a true estimate later of anything which has been presented to our minds before they were ready. Many a grown-up person has a secret, but intense, dislike to Shakespeare on account of this very mistake. But if sufficient stress is laid upon the meaning of the fairy stories told, to enable children to find at least some of it; if they are clearly impressed with the idea that a fairy tale is not true (for it is a very bad view of education which presupposes that there is anything to be unlearnt, as incorrect, in later years); if, in a word, fairy story-telling is thoroughly scientific, it loses much of its disadvantages. I am looking forward to the idea that the methods of so clever an artist as Miss Shedlock—whose exact system I have yet to learn—will not only give me an increased enthusiasm for story-telling, but reconcile me to the word "fairy."

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Shooting Season

"SOME REFLECTIONS AND A RECIPE" BY LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

To Cook Old Birds

I promised to give readers the benefit of an excellent recipe I have for cooking old birds. I fancy it will come in especially useful this season, as there are so many old birds hanging in the larders, and an old bird, for eating purposes, is anything but good. But tried as I suggest, I think hosts will find their guests "cutting and coming again," and asking for the recipe. Here, then, is the recipe: Prepare the bird as usual for cooking, and cut off the legs at the knees, and wings at the pinions—or, better still, take out all the bones and use them for stock for the meat. Rub the meat well with ¼ lb. of butter—or more, according to the number of birds used—add a pinch of pepper and salt and usual flavouring. Place the bird, or birds, in a small, deep pie-dish, with plenty of good, well-flavoured stock, and stiffened, if necessary, with a little gelatine to make it turn out well when set. Place another pie-dish over it and cook in a slow oven for three hours or more. Allow it to get cold in the stock, and then turn it out. The bird—or meat of birds—ought to be completely enveloped in jelly. This is a simple recipe, but I can assure my readers it is well worth a trial.

Next week I will give an excellent recipe for a shooting lunch cake, which I fancy will be a novelty.

Ignorant Artists

I cannot help alluding to the extraordinary and utterly absurd drawings which, from time to time, appear in the illustrated papers on shooting, hunting, and sport generally. I suppose they are drawn by artists who are scarcely "Stuart Wortleys" in their knowledge of their subject. When I see pictures of men walking in line in a turnip or stubble field, with ladies in diaphanous attire, the men all holding guns from which clouds of smoke (*smokeless* powder, mind you) continues to emerge, though the shot has evidently been fired some time, I scarcely know whether to laugh or turn away in disgust. But then I also find pictures of coveys of partridges being blazed at, quite ten yards or less distant! and by several gentlemen at once, and birds falling as though shot at twenty-five to thirty yards distant, and not blown to pieces as they must inevitably be at the distance shown.

Inhuman Sport

These fancy pictures are, I think, harmful as they are uninteresting, and they probably only lead ignorant persons to form a wrong idea of the way sport is conducted. Let these well-meaning artists devote their energies to showing up the horrors of Sunday—or any other day—rabbit coursing, by those who are fiends in cruelty. This, and other "pastimes" of the same description, want showing up, and pictures may help to get them suppressed by law. There they will do good, and earn our thanks, and those of poor bunny, whose eyes are often gouged out before being turned down for dogs to worry! But in these days, when the camera plays a leading part, I strongly advise would-be sporting artists to stay their hands, for they only cause laughter, and certainly give no pleasure. And this applies also to hunting, for nine times out ten we see ladies and gentlemen careering over the country, side by side, on horses which look as if they belonged to a circus, or, at least, the family coach. I have no doubt these are very beautiful works of art, but from the sportsman's view they were absolute rot.

The Author of "A Father's Advice"

As a considerable amount of interest has been evinced in the lines which I gave as the Sandringham lines, viz., "A Father's Advice," and which appeared in the issue of August 22, I must apologise to the author for not giving his name at the time. I was quite in ignorance when I copied them down that they were from the pen of Mr. Mark Beaufoy. Seeing them hanging up at Sandringham on cards, and printed in large type, I was so struck with the sound common sense of the advice, that I determined to put them down in my note-book. I trust Mr. Beaufoy will accept my apology for not giving his name, which I would certainly have done had I known he was the author.

A Hint for Torrid "Firsts"

Those who faced the heat the first week in September, and especially the first day, will, I should imagine, long remember it. In future, I intend, on days when one is likely to get very hot, to take out a change of flannel shirt and vest and a dry cap. The comfort of skinning off things soaked with perspiration, and putting on dry, clean things, is too delicious for words, and "bucks" one up tremendously. But to sit down to luncheon in a shirt which is sopping, and gets cold, and then, when starting again, to put on a cap saturated with cold perspiration, is simply awful. Yet it is no trouble to pop a shirt and cap into the game-cart, and, as a rule, luncheon takes place in a cottage, so that there is little difficulty in changing. I am sure of this, that it diminishes the risk of taking a chill, while the comfort and feeling of coolness and freshness will compensate one for the little trouble.

A Lunch in Comfort

There may be old stagers who will scoff at this, or at lunching in comfort, or doing anything but sitting under a hedge eating bread and cheese, a raw onion, and drinking a glass of stalish beer. I certainly do not agree with champagne lunches, or anything but plain good fare. Personally, I scarcely eat anything on these occasions. But I do enjoy sitting down comfortably, resting on a chair in a room for half an hour, and eating in comfort even the plainest food. Pricky hedges, or wet banks, or insecty ground, are no sort of use to me. I don't care for animals all over me or in my food, and I do like to sit down where these are not. And if, too, I can change my shirt and cap, and get any sort of a rub down, well, I, for one, appreciate the comfort immeasurably, and I can work like a trooper for the rest of the day, and feel as fresh as paint at the close.

Trout Fishing in Northumberland

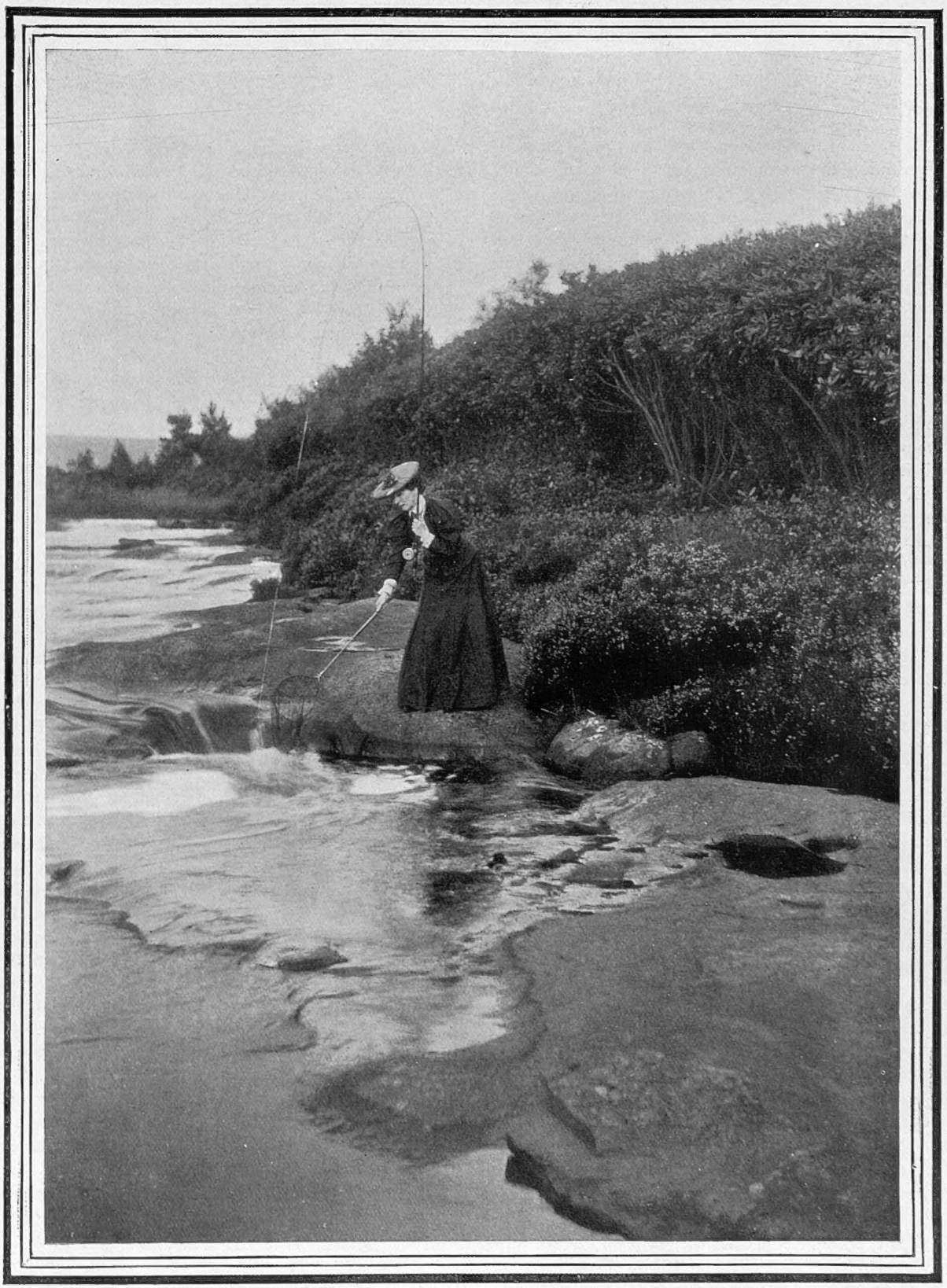
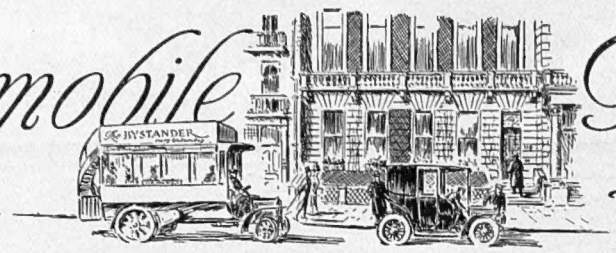


Photo *Leonard Willoughby*

Lady Armstrong landing her catch

At Cragside, Lord Armstrong's beautiful seat near Rothbury, there are many streams in which trout are plentiful, and there are grand opportunities for sport

Automobile Topics.



Who is at Fault?

Reviewing the automobile season of 1906, which is now fast approaching a conclusion, so far as out-of-doors demonstration is concerned, it seems remarkable that so little has been done to promote the recognition of motoring as a popular public sport. With the exception of a couple of one-horse meetings at Saltburn and Skegness, there has been no attempt to renew such widely advertised and successful gatherings as have in former years been held at Brighton, Bexhill, Blackpool, and Portmarnock. The apathy of the Committee of the A.C.G.B. and I. is difficult to understand, because, although professedly an institution for "the encouragement, development, and protection" of automobilism, the Club has never yet given evidence of rising superior to the attraction of the main chance, and it is matter of history that Brighton and Blackpool last season contributed materially to the year's revenue. I write, of course, with full knowledge of the fact that the Blackpool local authorities have decided not to hold a race meeting this autumn, and of the state of affairs at Brighton, where the excellent Tarmac track is not only a useless white elephant but the subject of much expensive litigation, but I am convinced that had a reasonably fair scheme of division of profits been submitted by the Club, the result in both cases would have been different. Apart altogether from the commercial aspect of the case, it is distinctly regrettable that so excellent an educative agent as the holding of race meetings, at which thousands of non-motoring folk are provided with a day's interesting sport, should have been allowed to lie idle because of the lack of initiative of a number of gentlemen who have attained positions for which they are notoriously unfitted. At a time when all automobilists are anticipating an administrative amendment of the existing motor laws, the importance of making converts to the cause by every possible legitimate means should not be overlooked, and every impartial person must realise that a well-conducted gathering like that held at Blackpool last summer must have exerted a beneficent influence on the minds of the thousands of electors who enjoyed the racing, to say nothing of the satisfaction of the tradespeople who benefited so extensively by the influx of competitors and spectators. There is much talk at the moment of the construction of a special motor track, whereat race meetings may be held and testing work carried on. I trust that, in the event of such a scheme coming to maturity, the management will display a becoming spirit of independent enterprise, and will not permit its sphere of usefulness to be curtailed by the do-nothing policy that prevails in Piccadilly.

Photo *Lafayette*

Royal automobilist injured

While motoring from Cintra to Cascaes, the Duke of Oporto, brother of King Carlos, was thrown from his car, and sustained a broken arm

* * *

Tourist Trophy Topics

Entries for the Tourist Trophy Race, to be run in the Isle of Man on September 27, number forty-nine, of which twenty-nine cars are the product of British manufacturers. The course this year has been altered in order to avoid level crossings, and now lies between Douglas—near Quarter Bridge — Ballacraine, Peel, Kirkmichael, Ballaugh, and Ramsay. From the last-named town the road runs uphill to the Bungalow at the base of Snaefell, and over this part of the route the competition for *The Graphic* trophy will be decided on the day following the principal event. It will be remembered that last year *The Graphic* competition was perforce abandoned owing to very inclement weather, but on the forthcoming occasion a determined attempt is to be made to adjudge the holder for the ensuing twelve months. There is every probability that a private match for £100 a side will be decided in this year's *Graphic* Competition between Mr. F. Coleman's White steam car and Mr. S. F. Edge's six-cylinder Napier. Both competitors are very keen about the event, and each scouts the idea of defeat. Mr. Coleman and Mr. Cecil Edge will drive the two cars, and as the conditions of the agreement stipulate for "a race," we may expect to see a very sporting contest. Reverting to the list of entries for the Tourist Trophy Race, it is interesting to note that, while thirteen firms who competed last season have withdrawn this year, fifteen new-comers—with one exception, all British — have taken their places. Success, of course, will be largely dependent upon ability to travel over thirty miles to the gallon of

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There is no conflicting evidence as to the truly extraordinary success of the famous Antipon treatment for the permanent cure of obesity. Thousands upon thousands of bottles of Antipon are sold every year in all parts of the British Empire. The immense good Antipon has done is incalculable. At any rate, it has come to be recognised by all competent authorities as "the standard" remedy for the permanent cure of obesity. Some slight indication of the remarkable success of Antipon is afforded by the hundreds of letters received by the Antipon Company from grateful men and women in every part of the world. These letters, carefully preserved, may be perused at any time at the offices of the Company. The Press of this country, always ready to give praise to anything thoroughly genuine, has been quite as enthusiastic as the general public, and most of the leading organs of opinion have published gratifying editorial articles on the specific virtues of Antipon both as a fat-absorbent and a tonic.

Indeed, Antipon may be called the "tonic, strengthening treatment" for the cure of corpulence. Entirely opposed to the old-time methods of reducing weight—methods which generally relied on dangerous drugs, excessive sweating, and semi-starvation—Antipon calls in as sole helper a normal quantity of the best nourishing food. Now, as Antipon, by its splendid tonic action, perfects the digestive process and renders the appetite keen, it stands to reason that the good nourishment taken in satisfying quantities must enrich the blood and help to form new sound muscular tissues, bone tissue, nerve and brain tissue. Thus the whole organism undergoes a marvellous change, and at the end of the course of treatment, when all the superfluous and diseased fatty matter has been driven out of the system and the unfortunate tendency to make excessive fat destroyed, the subject is veritably a new being, stronger in frame, in muscle, in nerve, and in brain power; full of life, energy, and good spirits, and able once more to enjoy healthful outdoor exercise and recreation. The figure is graceful, the movements free, the step elastic. The limbs, freed from all the fatty deposits which made them weak and flabby, are once more firm, strong, and shapely, and every part of the body has regained beauty of line. Double chin, bulky neck, and baggy cheeks are no longer enemies to natural good looks; the skin is clear and the complexion beautified. Truly the assurance of these remarkable benefits is worth giving Antipon a reasonable trial!

The fat-reducing power of Antipon is shown from the very first. Within a day and a night of beginning the treatment there is a decrease varying between 8 oz. and 3 lb., and then follows a reliable daily reduction until normal weight and correct proportions are attained, when the doses may be discontinued. The tendency to get unduly fat has, as we have already pointed out, been destroyed, and so the cure is permanent. Neither during nor after the treatment is it necessary to observe any disagreeable dietary rules. "Feed well, get thin, keep thin"—that's the Antipon *régime* and its result in a few words.

Antipon is a refreshing liquid containing herbal ingredients only. It is perfectly harmless, and may be taken at any hour without producing any disagreeable after-effects, as it is neither laxative nor the opposite.

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Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2*s.* 6*d.* and 4*s.* 6*d.*, by chemists, stores, etc., or should any difficulty arise, may be had (on sending amount) post free, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

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And why *Mellin's* Food?

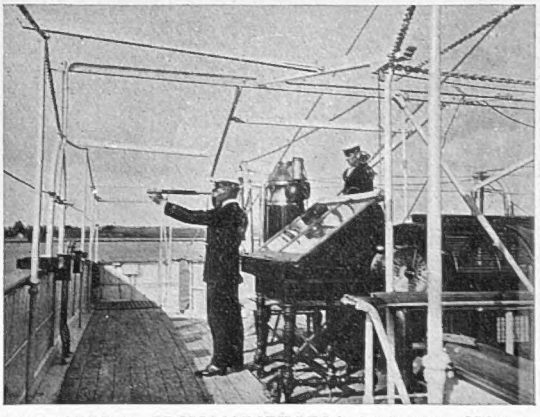
Because a Mellin's Food baby is perfectly nourished, and a perfectly nourished baby is the strongest to *resist* disease.

Mix Mellin's Food with cow's milk and you have a complete and ideal diet requiring no cooking whatever.

A dainty sample, with booklet, sent free, on application to Mellin's Food, Ld., Peckham, S.E.

AUTUMN CRUISES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

SEPTEMBER 19.—FROM LONDON. 14 DAYS. LISBON, TANGIER, SPAIN, GIBRALTAR, THE BALEARIC ISLES, AND MARSEILLES.* **Fares from 14 Guineas.**



OCTOBER 4.—FROM MARSEILLES.* 30 DAYS. SICILY, CORFU, CONSTANTINOPLE, SMYRNA, PIRÆUS (for Athens and Corinth), KALAMAKI (for Mycenæ), NAPLES, VILLEFRANCHE (for Nice and Monte Carlo), &c. **Fares from 30 Guineas.**

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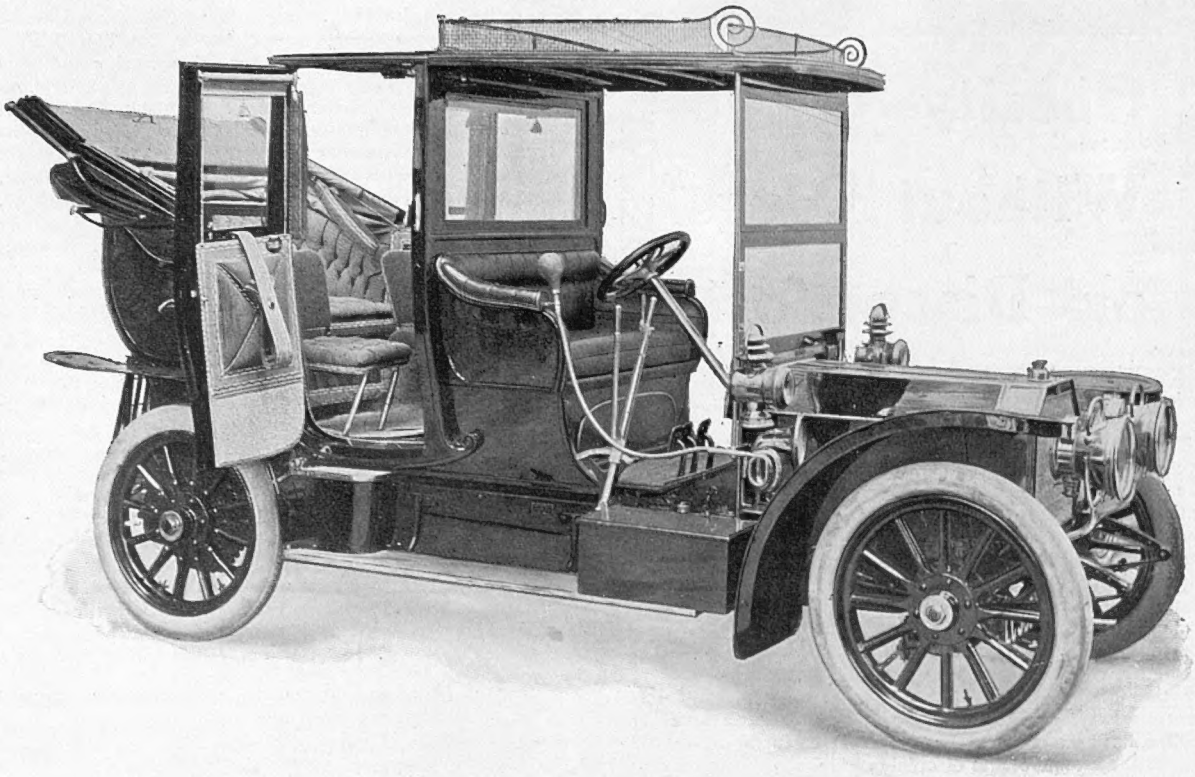
BY **P. & O.** CRUISING YACHT **VECTIS.**

6000 TONS. 6000 H.-P.



Automobile Touring De Luxe

Mr. Beerbohm Tree has this 35 h.-p. Rochet-Schneider car, fitted as a travelling business bureau and convertible bedroom on wheels

petrol, but it should be borne in mind that weather and the state of the roads on the day of the race will materially influence this factor. Should there be a strong and unfavourable wind, there is not the slightest doubt that at least half of the competitors will be unable to finish the course, while the excellent time recorded in favour of Mr. J. S. Napier's Arrol-Johnston, which won last year, will not be in danger of diminution. The Tourist Trophy undoubtedly exercises a potent influence for good in motor construction, because even those makers who are unable to comply with the rules are busily employed in experimenting to improve carburettors, engines, and transmission, while those who have been able to "get down to the weight," with reasonable probability of fulfilling the consumption conditions, have undoubtedly done much to improve the efficiency of their ordinary touring cars. A fully illustrated account of the competition may be looked for in THE BYSTANDER of October 3.

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Motorists on the Moors

This season, more than ever before, the automobile has been requisitioned by sportsmen familiar with rod and gun. Quite a number of gentlemen, well-known in the world of automobilism, are expert shots, a few of the names which come to mind readily being those of Lieut.-Col. Mayhew, Mr. S. F. Edge, Mr. Charles Jarrott, Mr. J. E. Hutton, Mr. D'Arcy Baker, Mr. Victor Miller, and Mr. Godfrey Oakey, who are all well above the average as marksmen. Probably, the constant training of eye and hand when motor driving has something to do with these gentlemen's proficiency in the field.

Miscellanea

Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, who has long been numbered among the enthusiasts of automobilism, has acquired a 35 h.-p. Rochet-Schneider car with landaulette limousine body that has been fitted for use as a travelling business bureau with convertible sleeping accommodation. Mr. Tree intends to use this car extensively on his autumn tour.—The Earl and Countess of Londesborough have invited members of the Motor Union to a garden-party at Londesborough Lodge, Scarborough, on the afternoon of September 22. — A circular addressed to Chief Constables by the Secretary of the Motor Union, calling for the exercise of stern measures against juvenile throwers of stones at automobiles, has been very sympathetically received throughout the country. Mr. Rees Jeffreys invites any sufferers from this wanton form of annoyance to communicate with him at No. 1, Albemarle Street, W. — Apropos of my remarks in THE BYSTANDER on the subject of detachable rims, I am informed that the Burnet patents, to which reference was made, have been acquired by a leading British manufacturer, who claims the right to exact royalties from all makers under his master patent of 1902. —For the Turquand Detachable Tyre Rim it is claimed that detachment of cover and tube can be effected in less than thirty seconds after the wheel has been jacked up, and that a new cover and tube can be attached in less than one minute.—Mr. F. Guy Lewin will drive the Peugeot car entered for the forthcoming Tourist Trophy Race. —The British Motor Boat Club's Regatta will be held at Burnham-on-Crouch on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, September 13 to 15.

DOUGLAS MILLER.